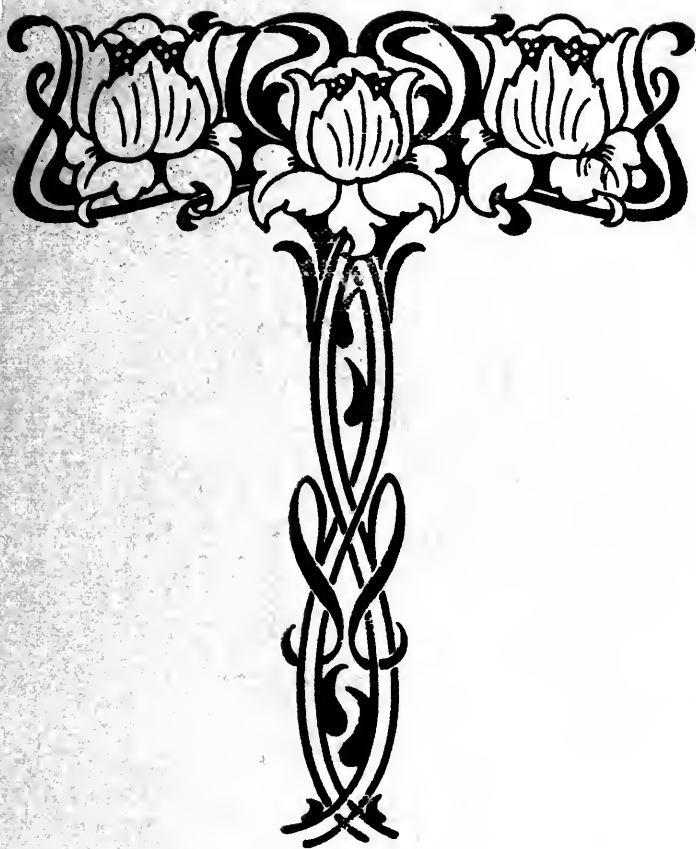


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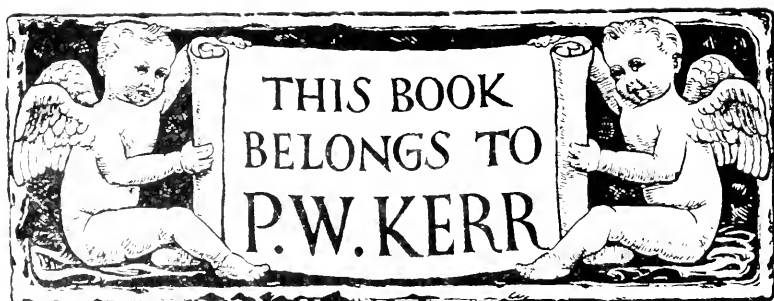
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POETRY & PROSE



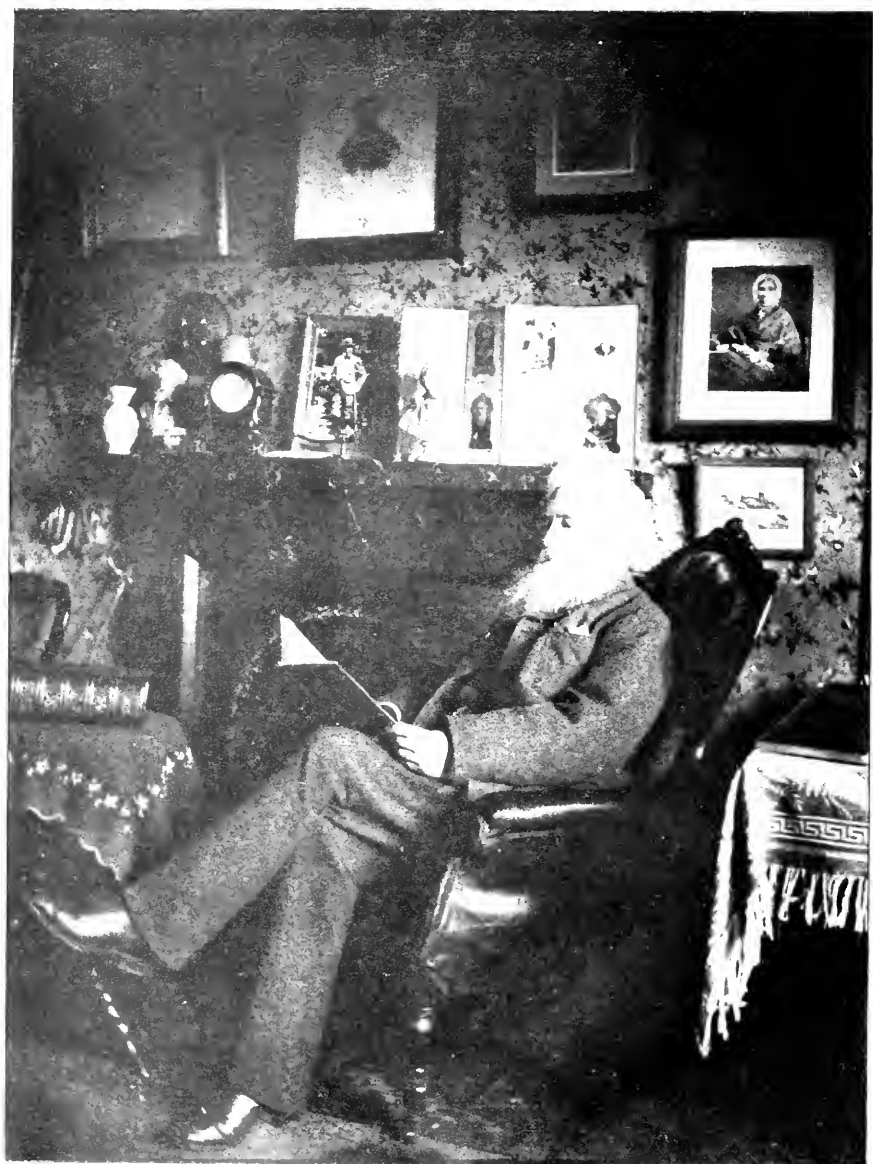
WALTER LAIDLAY



From the Author.

Leedsburgh 19 January '905

POETRY AND PROSE.



WALTER FAIDLAU.

By George H. Brown.

POETRY AND PROSE

BY

WALTER LAIDLAW

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ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF BERWICKSHIRE NATURALISTS' CLUB.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

SECOND EDITION.

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INTRODUCTION.



THE author of the following poems, born at Jedburgh in 1838, entered at an early age the employment of the Lothian family, and has now for nearly twenty years acted as custodian of the beautiful ruins of Jedburgh Abbey, in which capacity his combined urbanity to visitors and enthusiasm for Border lore have marked him out as a local celebrity. The poems represent the gatherings of years; and as many of those years have been spent by the author literally beneath the shade or within the precincts of the Abbey, so it will be found that his muse has never strayed far from home in her search for themes of poetry. The old Border town of Jedburgh; the vale of Jedburgh; the neighbouring hill of Ruberslaw and the neighbouring rivers of Tweed, Teviot, Rule; a few old-world local characters,—these go far towards completing the list of his subjects: a narrow field, but one which is saved from suspicion of scantiness—first, by the abounding natural beauties which it comprises and for which the poet has so marked an affinity, and, secondly, by the stretching background or perspective of a rich historic past. So that the singer, wandering by Jed, dwells with delight not only on its sylvan banks and ruddy scaurs, but also on the strategy of the Good Sir James at Linthaughlee, the assault of Dessé upon Fernihirst, and the perilous ride of the fair hapless Mary, from a house still standing in the town, to visit her wounded subject-lover at Hermitage.

I have, perhaps, said enough to show that the themes dealt with in this little book are worthy to exercise any poet whomsoever. What of the poet's skill in treating of those themes? In attempting to answer such a question, one prefers to keep the modest side of the mark.

In one of his conversations of 1824, towards the close of his long life, the great Goethe remarked to Erckmann that he had found the "real happiness" of that life in his "poetic meditation."

Now, this same poetic meditation is by no means the monopoly of highly-cultivated minds. Nature chooses those on whom to bestow it on some principle which is her own—distributing bounties with a hand as impartial as scatters her field-flowers. Well, I think that no fair judge in the matter will deny or dispute that this rich gift—rich for the blameless happiness which it brings to a man's life—has been granted to the author of these poems.

In what concerns the executive faculty—mastery of the "accomplishment" of verse—of course, culture and opportunity have much more to say. And one would not claim for these verses such qualities as certainty of touch, or that skill in "drawing" which can unerringly seize and represent what is characteristic of any scene or action as distinct from others of the kind. Yet, even in respect to these more or less technical matters, it is seldom that the poet gives us a dead or conventional line,—such as, for instance, when he speaks of wooded banks

"Adorn'd with flowers of every dye."

As a rule, he is too much alive to the beauties of nature to do this, and if he fails to compose them into a picture, at least paints them—as in the following verses—individually with perfect success:—

"Upon a pleasant summer night—
My labour for the day was done—
I roam'd the mead, with daisies dight,
Delighting in the setting sun,

Which, sinking o'er the Dunion Hill,
Linger'd to view the banks of Jed,
And seem'd to leave against his will
A scene with such rare beauties clad.

“ The milk-white hawthorn, in full blow,
 Stood blushing in his parting beams,
 Its laden branches bending low
 O'er Jed's pellucid, sparkling streams.

“ High on the bank the bonnie broom
 Its golden tasselets did wear ;
 And rosebuds, bursting into bloom,
 Peep'd sweetly from the scented brier.

“ Down in the glen a birch I saw,
 Whose slender, weeping tresses green,
 Hung o'er a boisterous waterfa',
 That rush'd the rugged rocks between.”

Readers of all conditions will appreciate such passages as this. And through these there runs a manly strain of contentment, a grateful recognition that so great a source of happiness as natural beauty is free alike to all :—

“ And all the beauty of this earth
 To reverent man, in love, is given ;
 Confined to neither tribe nor birth,
 'Tis free to all—a gift of Heaven !”

In another place the author writes that, though born poor, he never repined against his lot ; “ but felt always proud of being a Scottish Borderer, and a native of Jedburgh—a town famed for its scenery and historical associations, and where every spot teems with song.”

And so it is to Border readers specially, and among Borderers to those who love the Jedwater country, that I venture to recommend—and warmly to recommend—this little book of poems. It is among these that I think and hope it will become popular ; partly on account of its preservation of local tradition—as, for instance, that of Peden's Pulpit on Ruberslaw ; partly for the loving manner in which local associations, which must be common to many, are evoked in its pages. For instance, that of playing truant

“ frae the school

“ To Fulton Glen when nuts were full ;”

or of hearkening to

“ The cuckoo in the Swinny stell ; ”

or of Aik Bush and Ratten Raw ; the Head Fault, Matthew's Wa's, and Light-Pipe Ha' ; Hemp Hole, the Chatto's Wynd, and the Deil's Den. A gardener and flower-lover, he knows the plants which characterize each locality, and can look back to happy days spent amid gowans on the Lambskins, primroses by the Miller's Burn, brambles on the Auld Hawick Gate, or blaeberreries at Lanton Hill, broom and whins at Timpendean Moor, and wild-roses in the Little Loan.

There are doubtless, also, many alive who may yet remember the quaint Philemon and Bancis, who, with their old-fashioned dwelling, are so well sketched in "Annie Basse's House," and who call to mind the "Symon and Janet" of an older self-taught Border poet. Others may recall the originals of that queer collection of Jolly Beggars, or of Jethart Worthies, whose carouse is represented in the author's most spirited manner.

The booklet has linguistic worth as well, and its racy lines—

" A gleed had set the lum a-lunt,"

or,

" Her mairt and melder aye she gat,"

or others like them, may do their little to prolong through these days of an emasculated and slovenly diction the pristine vigour of old Border speech.

May good-fortune, then, attend these rhymes! May they be so happy as to recall and to express the beauty and the praise of Jethart to hearts that love her both at home and overseas!

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

SPRINGWOOD PARK,
November, 1900.

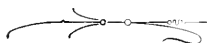
AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE gratifying reception which the First Edition of my little volume received from the Public and the Press has encouraged me to submit this Second and Enlarged Edition.

W. L.

July, 1904.

POEMS.



SPRING.

AGAIN the merry voice of Spring
Makes every hill and valley ring;
The clouds distil their genial showers,
The buds unfold their leaves and flowers;
Now soft the fragrant zephyrs blow,
Singing their anthems sweet and low.

What joy to roam by Teviot side,
Where limpid wavelets ceaseless glide,
And on their harps of pebbles play,
Dancing unto their own sweet lay,
As through these classic scenes they run,
Sparkling and glittering in the sun.

Now wild ducks coy on lonely stream
In varied colours brightly gleam,
While in the pools the speckled trout
Now leaps and wheels and darts about;
The bees are humming on the trees,
The lambkins sport upon the leas,
While many a feathered warbler's song
Echoes Monteviot's woods among.

The cuckoo in the old fir-stell,
The blackbird whistling in the dell,
The mavis and the cushat dove
Pour their rich music through the grove,

While larks are singing, soaring high
Far heavenward in the azure sky,
And every sound is full of mirth,
As if to celebrate the birth
Of freshening flowerets, newly born,
That now our woods and glens adorn.

Now the primrose decks the brae,
Now bonnie blooms the milk-white slae ;
Upon the banks are blooming free
The harebell and anemone.
Now in its sylvan lone retreat
The modest violet's blooming sweet ;
O'erhung with ferns and foliage green,
The tiny nestling's home is seen ;
Down by the rippling burnie side
The lily blooms in all its pride.

How gorgeously, with bounteous hand,
Has Flora decked our Border-land !
While Nature shines so debonair,
Let us her pleasures joyous share :
For Spring, so blythesome, fresh, and gay,
Like sunny childhood, flits away.

Yet, Teviot ! how thy scenes are dear
In every phase of changeful year !
In Winter with rude, icy floods,
In Spring-time with its opening buds,
In Summer dight with flowerets gay,
Or Autumn yellowing to decay.

In Nature's works we always find
Such pleasures as exalt the mind ;
The Seasons, with their varied charms,
Are God's thoughts shaped in varied forms ;
The firmament, the earth, the sea
Show forth the power of Deity.

M U S I N G .

LAST night the setting sun had shed
Its parting beams upon the Jed,
And every thorn tree was clad
 With blossoms white,
When by the Allars Mill I sped
 In pure delight.

The sylvan minstrels sweetly sang
The crimson-blossom'd trees amang ;
The spreading elms o'er me hang
 Their leafy shade ;
While, gathering flowers, the bairnies ran
 In woodland glade.

The primrose on the Toddly Braes
Blooms bonnie as in youthful days ;
The Miller's Burn's sweet soothing lays
 Fall on my ear ;
As, wimpling through the glens, it strays
 'Neath scented brier.

The " Lady-Fern," with graceful mien,
There grows, the moss-clad rocks between ;
The honeysuckle, with foliage green
 And scented flowers,
Weaving with ivy, forms a screen
 For lovers' bowers.

While leaning on the bank to rest,
I scared a mavis from its nest ;
Its tiny eggs and speckled breast
 Were joy to me ;
For Nature's charms, they are the best,—
 And then they're free.

No other pleasures can compare
With Nature's charms, so lavished there ;
Haughs, banks, and braes, all blooming fair
 With wild flowers sweet ;
The pleasant sound, the balmy air,
 And lone retreat.

Nature's all other joys excel :
What bliss 'midst rural scenes to dwell ;
The man who's company for his sel',
 Be't mountains high,
Or deep down in the rugged dell,
 Will find a joy.

I roam Jed's scenes from year to year,
As every spot to me is dear ;
The birds and streams my heart do cheer
 With varied song ;
Auld haunts and memories I revere
 For those now gone.

And when I, too, have passed away,
And mingled with my kindred clay,
The streams will ripple on their way ;
 The sweet wild flowers
Will bloom again on Toddly Brae,
 And deck its bowers !

Though time doth many changes bring,
Yet in the cheerful months of Spring
The merry birds again will sing
 On bush and tree,
And make the wood with music ring—
 But not for me.

As life is only but a span,
Let us enjoy it while we can ;
Oh, what a pleasure there's for man
 In viewing Nature ;
I'm filled with wonder as I scan
 Each varied feature.

The sky, the clouds, the earth, the sea
Are real and lasting joys to me ;
All bear the stamp of Deity,
 The great creator :
My thoughts from Nature rise to Thee,
 Thou God of Nature.



JEDBURGH ABBEY IN 1793.

ON THOUGHT.

OF all our pleasures there is nought
To be compared to happy thought ;
And as each thought springs from the mind,
Be't cultivated and refined ;
The roots we plant, the seeds we sow—
The same the flowers and fruits that grow ;
So in the garden of our mind
Let's plant and sow each choicest kind.

A NATIONAL TOAST.

HERE's health to auld Scotland, the land of the brave,
Whose soil ne'er was conquered nor trod by the slave ;
Here's to her thistle and high heather hills,
Her gray towering crags, her fountains and rills ;
Here's to the North with her bagpipe and bonnet,
Lang may the broom and the tartan wave on it ;
Here's to her bannocks o' barley and cakes,
Her claymore, her kilts, her rivers and lakes ;
Here's health to her daughters and true-hearted men,
Our auld royal burgh and Jed's bonnie glen :
In silence we'll drink to her warriors now gone,
And Burns, her sweet minstrel, unrivalled in song.

S O N G .

PURE as the mountain stream,
Bright as the sunny beam,
Blythe as the laverock soars to the skies ;
Fair as the rose in bloom,
Sweet as its rich perfume,
Love sits enthron'd in her bonnie black eyes.

'Twas e'en'ing, in the gloamin',
We stray'd up the Loanin',
The full moon arose o'er the woods of Hunthill—
Her silver beams streamin',
On dewy flowers gleamin',
Gilding the streams o' the clear wimplin' rill.

Down in the woodland glade,
Under the birken shade,
Happy we sat locked in each other's arms ;
While Cynthia shone above
We told our tales of love—
Divine were the joys I felt in her charms.

M A R Y .

Air.—"Ca the yowes."

O MARY, dear, the sky is clear,
While Nature charms both eye and ear :
The moorland scenes oor hearts will cheer,
Sae come away, my dearie.

Ne'er say me nay, but come away,
In virtue's flowery path we'll stray,
And spend in love the blythesome day,
My ain bonnie dearie.

Through waving brackens we will gang
And list the merry lintie's sang,
That sings the blooming whins amang,
And mak's the glen sae cheerie.

We'll sit beside the gowden broom,
And watch the risin' o' the moon ;
While scented flowers around us bloom,
Wi' love, my dear, I'll cheer thee.

Think not on care—a' ha'e their share,
Tho' some hae less and some hae mair,
There's nane among the mountain air
Wi' thee, my winsome dearie.

Sae when the ewes ha'e reached the hill,
And Nature's voice is calm and still,
We'll wander hameward at our will,
My bonnie, blythesome dearie.

By wiles which love can understand,
Ye've stowen my heart, sae there's my hand,
And twined in wedlock's gowden band,
Ye'll ever be my dearie.

TO ISA.

DEAR Isa, I shall ne'er forget
The happy hours I've spent wi' thee ;
That sacred spot where first we met
Is now, and ever, dear to me.

It calls to mind that happy night
I clasped thee, blushing, to my heart ;
'Twas then we felt that pure delight
Which made us slow and laith to part.

I still can see those dark blue eyes
Beaming with love's celestial charms ;
I still can hear those parting sighs
When fortune tore thee from my arms.

No time or distance will untie
The cords that bind my soul to thee :
True love, dear Isa, cannot die,
It's stamped with immortality.

So if on earth we never meet,
To meet in Heaven will be our prayer,
For Heaven cannot be complete
Except, dear Isa, thou art there.

TO NANNY.

I LOVE the blithesome months of spring,
When feathery warblers sweetly sing,
I love to see the budding trees,
And lambkins sporting on the leas.

I love the glorious summer days,
When flowerets deck the fields and braes ;
I love to stray the glades among,
And list the milkmaid's merry song.

I love the Autumn's pensive moods
That paint in varied tints the woods ;
I love the purple heather hills,
Where flow the sparkling crystal rills.

I love the wintry scenes in snow ;
I love to hear the tempest blow ;
I love the calm and frosty night,
When moon and stars are shining bright.

While all those joys are dear to me,
Yet they are nought compared to thee ;
The changing seasons fleet away,
But Nanny's charms will last for aye.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A CARTE-DE-VISITE.

DEAR JEANIE, had it been designed
For human art to paint the mind
Upon this carte, you would have seen
My love for thee still reigns supreme.

For worth I love where'er it be,
And worth, my dear, I've found in thee :
Your modest face, so blithe and kind,
Bears the reflection of your mind.

A mind where truth and virtue reign.
While angels claim thee as their ain :
They'll watch you from their home above,
And guide you with the cords of love.

And when you leave this world of care,
A crown of glory waits you there,
For time is always on the wing,
And every hour a change may bring.

Should we be parted ne'er to meet,
And both our hearts may cease to beat,
We'll trust that promise God has given,
To part on earth to meet in heaven ;
And there I trust to be with thee,
And love through all eternity.

THE LASS O' SOODEN.

SHE lived in a glen, where the auld alder grows—

Whom the muse now takes for its theme—

In a humble cot, where the crystal Jed flows.

That hushed her to sleep with its stream.

As soon as the sun on the grey cairn did glint,

Her mother would spin on the wheel ;

Her father, beside her, did heckle the lint.

While the cock crow'd loud in the shiel.

And often as Mary came hame frae the school.

She gathered wild flowers by Jed side,

And watched the trouts darting about in the pool

At the flies that skimm'd on its tide.

Her thoughts were as pure as the clear mountain stream,

Her mind ne'er was tarnished with care ;

Her eyes shone as bright as the sun's cloudless beam,

And dark flowing ringlets her hair.

She rose in the morning and milkéd the kye.

When the grouse from the bent would spring :

And did list to the lark, as he soar'd to the sky,

Whose song made the whole valley ring.

She loved much to knit 'neath the hawthorn tree,

When its blossoms sparkled with dew ;

Or tend her pet lambkins that played on the lea.

As the fragrant breeze round her blew.

One evening she stood by a lichen-clad rock.

And looked on the bright-spangled skies,

And saw, at a distance, her own cottage smoke.

Through green glossy foliage, arise.

She thought on her home, and her parents so dear,

Her brothers and sisters so kind ;

And pondered the prayers she used there to hear,

For they were enshrined in her mind.

She mused on her youth, on the bright sunny days
That back to her mem'ry did bring
Their joy when they ran on the green ferny braes,
And found the young nestlings in spring.

* * * * *

But time brought its changes, that forced her to part
From the Jed and those she loved dear—
Such changes as almost broke puir Mary's heart,
And dimm'd her bright eye with a tear.

And now she's away, and her home is no more
On the banks of the winding Jed ;
But oft she looks back on the bright days of yore
That now, and for ever, are fled.

On the side of the hill stands Auld Sooden Tower,
Whose hoary wa's speak of the past,
And oft have defied the stern enemy's power,
And weathered the wild stormy blast.

Young Sandy and Mary here often did meet,
And watch the moon rise o'er the hill,
And shine on the Jed, that flowed close by their feet,
While oft their love-*tales* they would tell.

And then in the gloamin', together, they'd stray
Adown by the clear wimplin' burn ;
But grim, cruel Death took her Sandy away,
And left her all lonely to mourn.

She gather'd the gowans from her lover's grave,
And bathed them with many a sad tear,
And placed them with care in the Bible he gave,
A relic she'll ever hold dear.

Oh ! sad was their fate ; had he only been spared,
In wedlock he'd promised his hand ;
Alas ! he now sleeps in Auld Sooden kirkyaird,
While she's in a far distant land.

ELEGY.

I DANDER'D lonely up and doon—
A stranger in ma native toon ;
Freends an' companions a' are gane ;
Last o' ma race, I'm left alane.

I view each dear familiar scene—
The Miller's Burn an' Merlin Dene,
The Rattenraw an' auld Grey Peel—
Scenes which ma faither lo'ed sae weel.

In grief I wander there alane,
An' seek his footprints, but in vain ;
I think I see his form there still,
When walking roond the Gala Hill.

I ponder on the auld Toonheid ;
Coont those I knew that now are deid :
Time's makin' mony changes here,
While auld land-merks they disappear.

Yet on hoose wa's I still can trace
The merks o' mony a signboard's place—
A' that is left tae merk the spot
Where liv'd those sune tae be forgot.

Why did I live to see the day
When a' ma freends have passed away ?
Those who my joys an' sorrows shared
Lie mouldering in the auld kirkyaird.

I'll leeve the dinsome busy street,
An' by their lanely graves I'll greet—
Faither an' mother's sleepin' here,
An' mony a yin tae mem'ry dear.

Each sacred spot doth call tae mind
Freends that were ever leal and kind ;
In hope—the balm that soothes the pain—
I trust in heaven to meet again.

ODE TO BURNS.

COMPOSED FOR THE 137TH BIRTHDAY OF ROBERT BURNS.

ALL HAIL! with joy the day returns—
A day to Scotland ever dear—
The birthday of her minstrel Burns,
Which we are met to honour here.

With pride we'll celebrate the birth
Of Scotia's own immortal bard;
His fame has spread o'er all the earth
Where'er our language has been heard.

'Twas from his great creative powers
That noble thoughts spontaneous came;
High o'er each monument there towers
His lasting monument of Fame;

For well he's sung auld Scotia's praise
In sweetest strains excelled by none;
Though other lands their bards may raise,
They'll only shine to be outshone.

As he describes the field o' battle,
We see the dead and wounded lie,
And hear the spears and broadswords rattle,
And Bruce's war-cry, "Do or die!"

And how it fires the Scottish blood,
When reading of brave Wallace wight,
"Still pressing onwards, red-wet shod,"
Against the Southrons in the fight.

Parnassus was his native hill,
Which made his heart with rapture glow,
His Helicon the crystal rill
That through his native glens did flow.

The Cupids that did pierce his heart
Were Scotia's bonnie lasses' een ;
He oft received the deadly dart
'Neath milkwhite thorns and woodbine green ;

And roaming banks and braes among
By bonnie Doon or gurgling Ayr,
Immortalised them in his song,
Adorned with gems of genius rare.

And when we sing his "Auld Lang Syne,"
Our hearts are melted into tears,
So fondly does our memory twine
Round friends and scenes of early years.

When wintry storms raved frae the north,
He felt for every creature kind :
To them his sympathy went forth,
Such was his generous, noble mind.

The tim'rous mouse and happy bird,
The silly sheep and ourie cattle,
He pitied them whene'er he heard
The storms make doors and winnocks rattle.

As natural as the sun to shine,
Or water gushing frae the spring,
Was his poetic gift divine,
Given his native land to sing.

A SUMMER'S RAMBLE ON THE JED.

Upon a pleasant summer night—

My labour for the day was done—

I roamed the mead, with daisies dight,

Delighting in the setting sun,

Which, sinking o'er the Dunion Hill,

Lingered to view the banks of Jed,

And seemed to leave, against his will,

A scene with such rare beauties clad.

The milkwhite hawthorn, in full blow,

Stood blushing in his parting beams,

Its laden branches bending low

O'er Jed's pellucid, sparkling stream.

High on the bank the bonnie broom

Its golden tasselets did wear ;

And rosebuds, bursting into bloom,

Peeped sweetly from the scented brier.

Down in the glen a birch I saw,

Whose slender, weeping tresses green

Hung o'er a boisterous waterfa',

That rushed the rugged rock between.

Beneath an age-encircled oak,

Stretched in repose, a shepherd lay,

His eye still watchful of his flock,

Which fed upon the neighb'ring brae.

'Twas here I spent youth's happy days,

A woodman, 'midst the forest bright—

The glens, the scaurs, the banks and braes,

A daily source of deep delight.

I love the grand old forest trees

That link us to an age that's gone ;

I love to muse 'mong scenes like these,

Enthralled by Nature's charms alone.



From Photo, by

A BIT IN JEDFOREST.

"Through daïsied haughs, by ferny braes;
The limpid, glittering streamlet strays."

R. Jack Jedburgh.

How graceful is the woodland glade,
And fragrant is the clover field ;
Their changeful hues of light and shade
To weary men new pleasures yield.

All round the cycle of the year
Their own enchanted minstrel sung :
Of Jed's sweet scenes the glades so dear
Oft with his Doric lays have rung.

We list to Nature's varied song
Whilst straying 'midst this fairy scene ;
Wild birds their tuneful notes prolong,
Curtained 'midst leaves of deepest green ;

And on the spruce the cushat dove
Sits cooing with love-laden voice :
Yea, every sound is tuned to love,
And Nature calls to all—" Rejoice !"

The thistle, with its speary crown,
Is waving o'er the flowery lea ;
Or, softly moved, is bending down
The daisy's modest face to see.

Bright blossoms 'midst the foliage green
Make sylvan Jed a gorgeous sight—
Real pleasure flows from every scene,
Steeping my soul in pure delight.

Blessed are they, who, looking, see
The splendour of this grand design ;
'Tis no more splendid than 'tis free—
To all the heavenly glories shine.

And all the beauty of this earth
To reverent man, in love, is given ;
Confined to neither tribe nor birth,
'Tis free to all—a gift of heaven !

A SUMMER'S RAMBLE ON THE TEVIOT.

It was a bonnie summer's day,
The landscape looked both fresh and gay,
Which did invite us out to stray
 Amidst its charms ;
Nature and Art around us lay
 In varied forms.

Sweet Teviot's streams we wandered by
Beneath a bright cerulean sky ;
The merry lark was singing high
 Above our head,
While scented flowers of every dye
 Their fragrance shed.

Monteviot, steeped in sunny beams,
Smiled down on Teviot's winding streams,
Whose crystal bosom brightly gleams
 Both far and wide—
Each limpid wavelet dancing seems,
 As on they glide.

We roamed amidst the woodlands green,
Delighting in each gorgeous scene,
While shaded by a leafy screen
 From the hot rays ;
Here Scott and Leyden used to sing
 Their deathless lays.

Here Ruberslaw, so stern and grand,
The chieftain of our Border-land,
Whose native mail defies the hand
 Of conquering Time,
Wrapped in the storm, doth frowning stand,
 Grim and sublime.

We sat down on a ferny brae,
By Timpendean's old castle grey,
Round which the sportive lambkins play
 And daisies grow ;
Whose walls the fingers of decay
 Are crumbling low.

Here crags and villages are seen
Nestling amidst the foliage green,
While Penielheugh towers high between
 Us and the sky,
All glittering in the summer sheen
 That meets the eye.

Here every spot its tale can tell—
One battlefield was Teviotdale ;
Her warriors, in their coats of mail ;
 So bravely fought,
The charter of each hill and dale
 In blood was wrote.

Peace and contentment now do reign ;
Her fields are rich with ripening grain,
While flocks are feeding on the plain—
 A pleasant sight !
No reivers e'er will come again
 At dead of night.

We rested here awhile, and took
A different view of Nature's book :
Through microscopes we had a look,
 And, by their powers,
We plainly saw each vein and nook
 Of leaves and flowers.

There's not a sprig of moss that grows,
There's not a wimpling burn that flows,
There's not a tiny flower that blows
 Upon the lea,
But God's great power each plainly shows
 To all who see.

The infidel is worse than blind
Who looks on these and cannot find
Sufficient there to fill the mind
 With admiration ;
Or see God, if he is inclined,
 In all creation.

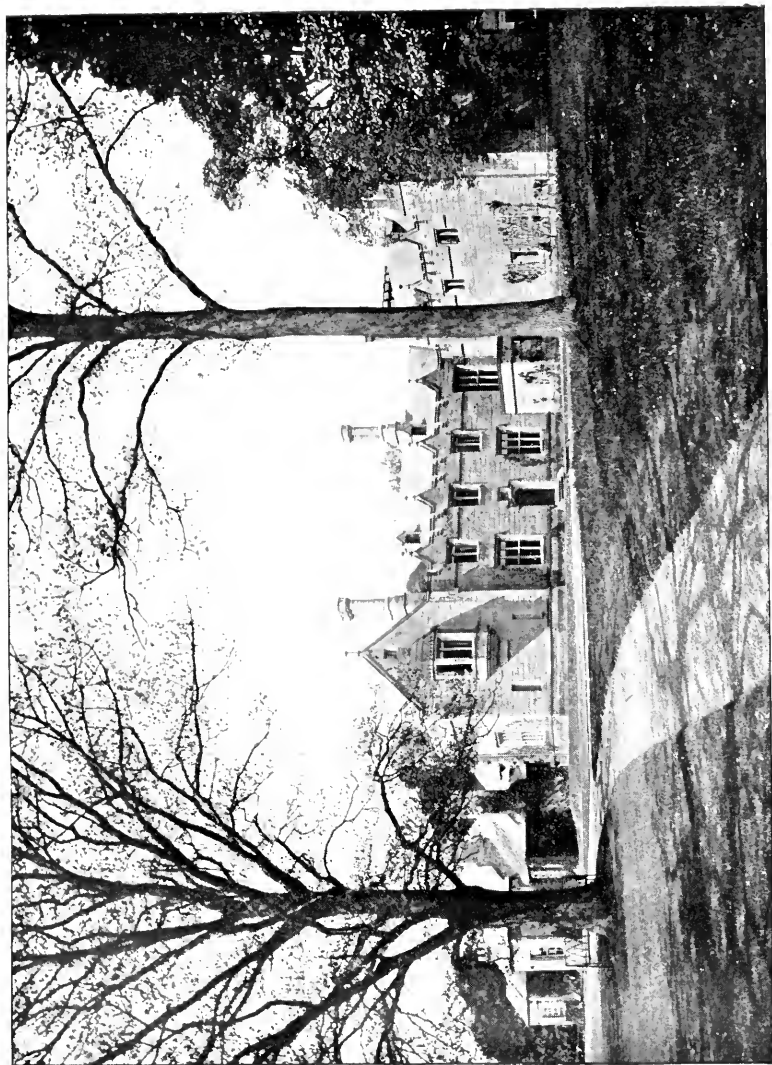
We rose, and left the woods and dells,
To roam the muirs 'mong heather bells ;
'Mong hags and bogs and sykes and stells
 We gathered ferns,
And where the bent waves on the fells
 Found camps and cairns.

In muirland wild the thistles wave,
The emblem of a nation brave,
Whose sons have fought and died to save,
 On land and sea,
And, with the deadly blows they gave,
 Kept Scotland free.

Here grow the bonnie whins and broom
That load the air with rich perfume,
When covered with their golden bloom—
 It's truly grand :
No wonder that we love to roam
 Our Border-land.

There rose from 'midst the blooming heather
The whaup, the muircock, and the plover ;
Above its prey a hawk did hover
 With murd'rous eye ;
The timid sheep ran close together
 As we drew nigh.

“The Scotch Probationer” oft did wander
Amidst these scenes of rugged grandeur,
Or, leaning on the “yett,” did ponder
 And muse alone,
While viewing Teviot's streams meander
 Their haughs among.



From Photo, by

MONTEVIOU.

“Monteviot, steeped in sunny beams,
Smiled down on Tevlot's winding streams.”

R. Jack, Jedburgh.

And often he would lie at ease
Beneath the blooming willow trees,
Listening the humming of the bees
 And lintie's song,
Fanned by the soft sweet-scented breeze
 That swept along.

Though from these scenes he's passed away,
His favourite view's the same to-day ;
The rippling streamlets still do stray
 Through their sweet glen ;
All Nature looks as fresh and gay
 As it did then.

As it grew late the air grew chill,
And all around was calm and still,
No sound except the distant rill—
 Now lost to sight ;
The sun had sunk behind the hill,
 And sent us night

Who sable curtains round us drew,
While owls and bats around us flew ;
We then bade Teviot scenes adieu,
 And home did stray,
Hoping our rambles to renew
 Some other day.

A SUMMER'S RAMBLE ON THE TWEED.

OFT ha'e I sung my native Jed,
With Nature's charming beauties clad,
Her towering rocks, her gloomy caves,
Her battle-fields and warriors' graves,
But now I sing o' bonnie Tweed,
'Mid sylvan glade and flow'ry mead ;
Oh ! what a joy to stray among
Those scenes that teem wi' sweetest song.
The abbey towers and castles grey
Enshrined in Scott's " Last Minstrel " lay,
Which natives look upon with pride,
Bring pilgrims from both far and wide.
Here other bards had lived and sung,
Whose tuneful harps now lie unstrung ;
Their fame will last while last their themes,
Or onward flow Tweed's winding streams.
What a rich heritage of songs
To every Borderer belongs,
And scenes that native bards inspire
To strike the patriotic lyre.

.

On Eildon's Hill alone I stand,
And view my dear, dear Border-land ;
On lofty Cheviots, tow'ring high,
That seem as if to prop the sky ;
And scattered valleys, fresh and green,
And many an old historic scene.
The roofless towers, on hillside lone,
Still speak to us of ages gone.
I gaze with pride on all around,
As ev'ry spot is classic ground ;
Then leave the hills to roam the grove,
To list' the cooin' cushat-dove,

And hear the ripple o' the streams
That 'neath the glossy foliage gleams.
The golden broom and milk-white thorn
The shaggy steeps and glens adorn ;
The fragrant briars and sweet wild flowers
Bedeck and scent the woodland bowers.
There, in the crevice of the rock,
O'erhung with yon old gnarled oak,
The purple thyme and foxgloves grow,
And caller springs that ceaseless flow.
How bless'd are they who can admire,
For Nature's charms they never tire ;
When roaming 'midst a scene like this,
Where all is cloth'd in loveliness,
There's thrown such pictures on the mind
That's real, and of a lasting kind.

.

The setting sun has closed the day,
The mist was gath'ring on the brae ;
As darkness o'er the landscape came
I left Tweedside to dander hame,
Still crooning ower the sang I made
While musing in the woodland glade.

.

AN AUTUMN'S RAMBLE TO RUBERSLAW.

OUR Border-land doth me inspire,
And fans the patriotic fire,
Creates and fosters the desire
 To sing its praise ;
Again I tune my rustic lyre
 In artless lays.

We stood on rugged Ruberslaw—
The grandest hill among them a'—
The glorious view that day we saw
 We'll mind for ever ;
The scented breeze that there did blow
 Cam' frae the heather,

Whose purple blossom clad the hills,
Fringing the caller gurgling rills ;
And, bending, woo'd the sweet bluebells
 That there did grow,
And put the moors and distant fells
 All in a glow.

The pulpit's there where Peden preach'd,
Defying man, God's word he teach'd ;
His prayer was heard, a cloud was stretch'd
 So that the foe
Their place of meeting never reach'd,
 Nor struck a blow.

On Minto Craigs, traditions say,
A Border reiver once did stay,
Who from the English stole away
 Horse, kye, and sheep ;
Safe on his rocky bed he lay,
 And watch would keep.

We saw with patriotic pride
The landscape stretching far and wide :
The Teviot winding onward glide
 Through gowany haughs,
While here and there its crystal tide
 Is hung with saughs.

Romantic Rule ! whose limpid streams,
All burnish'd bright with sunny beams
That through the dark green foliage gleams
 Make light and shade—
Nature with choicest beauty teems
 Thy woodland glade.

Turnbells and Elliots nae mair
Dwell 'mid thy sylvan scenes sae fair,
Yet aye associated there
 Will be their name,
While Borderers will guard with care
 Their lasting fame.

To Fulton Glen, when nuts were full,
We played the truant frae the school,
And o'er the Dunion hill to Rule,
 With lightsome heart ;
And wiled the trout from stream and pool
 With Walton's art.

'Midst Nature's charms what joys we find !
The purest thoughts enrich the mind—
The sky, the sun, the clouds, the wind,
 Hill, glen, and field,
Birds, beasts, and plants of every kind
 Their pleasures yield.

But what delighted me the more,
A friend, and Scotsman to the core,
With mind well versed in Border lore,
 Both song and story ;
To crack on Border strifes of yore
 It was his glory.

He could describe each hill and dell,
The cairns that crowned the "benty" fell,
The hags, the bogs, and auld fir stell,
 Each tower and peel;
And then he could his story tell
 To us so weel.

Our minds upon their tiptoes rose
As he portray'd, in verse and prose,
How well the Borderers fought their foes
 Our land to save,
Such doughty and unhallowed blows
 In vengeance gave.

How dear was each historic scene—
The shaggy steep and valleys green—
Where many a deadly conflict's been,
 And deeds there done
Are handed down with pride, I ween,
 From sire to son!

The sun had set, the wind was still,
A fleecy mist hung o'er the vale,
We bade adieu to Teviotdale,
 Though loth to part;
Our Border-land can never fail
 To charm the heart.

AN ODE ON JED WATER.

DEDICATED TO THE REV. JAMES KING, M.A.,
AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW.

With trembling hand I grasp the pen,
But what to write I dinna ken—
I've searched my mind, baith but an' ben,
 For something new ;
Yet naething but my native glen
 Has come to view.

Though it's your trade to ca' the deil,
Ye have a heart baith warm an' leal,
And lo'e yer auld companions weel ;
 And as for Nature,
You joy or sympathy do feel
 In every creature.

So, James, the Muse will you invite
Into a sphere of pure delight,
Where aged thorns are blooming white
 By Jed's pure streams—
Crested with wind, and polished bright
 With sunny beams.

Through daisied haughs, by ferny braes,
The limpid, glittering streamlet strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes
 And sweetly sing ;
While wild birds, with their varied lays,
 Make Jed-vale ring.

There sylvan banks are tow'ring high,
Adorned with flowers of every dye,
Beneath whose shades I often lie
 And weave a song,
While scented zephyrs sportive fly
 The leaves among.

There stands upon yon daisied lea
The aged, spreading Capon Tree ;
Grey towers, high scaurs, dark caves we see
 On every side,
And Jed's pure streams, so dear to me,
 That sweetly glide.

Through maze of time I here can trace
The form of many a comrade's face ;
But now the Abbey shades the place
 Where some do sleep,
While others dazzling fortune chase
 Beyond the deep.

There, in life's gay and cloudless spring,
We'd list the woodland minstrels sing,
When hope first raised us on its wing
 With hearts so light,
And o'er our minds did visions bring
 Of pure delight.

But hope, while flattering, oft betrays,
And youth's gay vision soon decays :
But Jed, thy bonnie banks and braes
 Are always dear—
They call to mind our school-boy days
 From year to year.

Beneath thy dark-green hazel bower
I've met my love at gloaming hour,
Amidst a calm refreshing shower
 O' sparkling dew,
That fell to bathe each scented flower
 That round us grew.

The cushies coo'd, the wild birds sang,
While o'er our heads rich blossoms hang,
And here and there the maukins ran,
 And hopped about ;
The moon, that juiked the clouds amang,
 Came shining out.



From Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co.

THE CAPON TREE.

"There stands upon yon daisied hea,
The aged, spreading Capon Tree."

By permission.

Its silvery rays came glinting through
'Mong leaves and blossoms wet with dew,
And, thieving, kissed her tempting mou',

And then did light
Upon her een sae bonnie blue,
That sparkled bright.

Our joy was such, ne'er tongue could tell,
Our very souls with love did swell;
While, cheer'd with virtue's heavenly spell,

'Mid Nature's charms,
We whispered love's immortal tale
In other's arms.

Such gorgeous scenes did me inspire,
And filled me with a strong desire
To tune again my rustic lyre,

And sing to you :
Lang sangs and sermons often tire,
Sae, James, adieu !

JETHART NIGHT OF THE EDINBURGH BORDERERS' UNION.

(Read at the Meeting on 26th Nov., 1898.)

DEAR OLIVER,

I got your letter,
And nothing could have pleased me better ;
For it will give you great delight
To spend a social "Jethart night,"
For "Jethart" is a glorious name,
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame.
This ancient Royal Burgh Town
Has gained a world-wide renown ;
Where'er her sons her slogan raised
Their valour was both felt and praised.
They, with dexterity, did wield
Their staff upon the battle-field ;
Their shout rang out, both loud and clear,
The dreaded war-cry, "Jethart's here !"
While Ancrum Moor and the Redeswire
Still fan the patriotic fire ;
And Fernieherst's auld castle grey,
The scene of many a Border fray ;
And trenchéd camps at Lintalee,
Where Douglas led to victory !
The cleuch, the glade, the rocky scaur
Have echoed with the din of war.

.

But now those days of strife are o'er,
The "Jethart staff" is used no more ;
In peace we wander by the Jed,
In all its varied beauties clad.
When bonnie blooms the fragrant thorn,
And sweet wild flowers the haughs adorn,
We sit upon the daisied lea,
Beneath the spreading Capon Tree,

And list the wild bird's merry song
That lilts Jed's banks and braes among ;
While the rippling crystal streams
Through the glossy foliage gleams ;
Or climb the grand auld Dunion Hill,
And look around on Teviotdale ;
'There view the Cheviots, towering high,
And hear the whaup's and peesweep's cry ;
The cuckoo in the Swinnie Stell,
The cushat in the lonely dell ;
While o'er our head the laverock soars,
And forth a flood of music pours.
Such sounds and scenes your heart would cheer :
Our Border-land is ever dear.
But I must bid you now fareweel,
In case that some *home-sick* may feel.
With compliments to ane and a',

Yours truly,

WATTIE LAIDLAW.

ANNIE BASSE'S HOUSE.

The wund howl'd through the auld fir wuds,
The mune sank doon 'mong stormy cluds,
The lightning flashed across the sky,
The hoolet scream'd its eerie cry.

I dandered up the Dunion syke
(As solitude I'd learn to like),
And mused by the deserted spot
Where yince stood Annie Basse's cot.

A wimplin' burnie roond it strays,
The golfer o'er its site now plays ;
And cover'd up wi' whins and bent,
The place but to a few is kent.

It was a cat-an'-clay built biggin',
Sae laigh that ane could reach the riggin' ;
It was weel theekit o'er wi' brum,
And had a curious rustic lum

Of aiken rungs wi' strae raips twined,
That often suffered by the wind ;
But Johnnie soon could mend the gap,
Or ony ither sic mishap.

Lang syne the vents were built sae wide,
That, sittin' by the ingle side
An' looking up, we could discern,
High in the lift, the twinklin' stern.

A gleed had set the lum alunt,
The bennel ceiling then was brunt ;
But threshes they did just as weel,
And served the rafters to conceal.

Twae windows, each four panes of glass,
Through which the light could scarcely pass ;
They were of yolks of darkish green,
Sae dim they didna need a screen.

Quia Burgalis

BERCI DE JEDBURGH

Scitis in Probris quidem primo

Die mensis Augusti

1797. Per Monachos nros Johanne

Proprietum Johanne

Bullensius alios Rector. Quia in Bathonia. Et in Henrich

Adversus. et Ricardus Roberson. Adversus dicti Rector.

UTRA LEGITIME AFFIRMATA

WHICH DAY Walter Laidlaw weaver son of
Walter Laidlaw Latorner in Edinburgh

was Cited and Received into the Liberty of this Burgh (renewed). Made a
free Burgh and Guild. Brother of the same, who gave his Oath with all (renewed).
used and went.

for an Extract of the same under the common Seal of this Burgh.

Extracted by

James Watson



Traveller's
TICKET

in
Traveller's

OF

Walter Sanderson

1 August 1797

They had a cosy but-an'-ben,
As pawky pedlars weel did ken ;
Auld daicent bodies beggin' there
Aye got whate'er they had to spare.

And Jethart bairns, on Auld Year's day,
Would get their cakes for Hogmanay ;
An' Jock the Kecken oft was there,
An' danced an' sang them "Calder Fair."

The twae were kind to ane an' a',
An' when they wished, could busk it braw ;
Auld Wattie Laidlaw weaved her plaid,
Her out-steik shoon Wull Robson made.

Her ruskie was of black an' white,
And was with bonnie gumflowers dight ;
But what surpassed baith gauze and lace,
Health bloomed on Annie's winsome face.

Now, Johnnie wasna fasht wi' pride,
Yet nane in a' the country-side
Appeared mair comely-clad than he
With gowden garters at his knee,

Brown coat with brassy buttons clear,
An' bonnet blue he used to wear ;
When wi' his spouse at kirk or fair
Few wi' the couple could compare.

Their only wean was frae them ta'en
(That caused them muckle grief and pain) ;
When mirkest cluds aroond wad gather
They kinder were tae ane another.

They liv'd a meek, contented life
As ever lived a man an' wife :
But there's nae doubt they had their shares
O' sunny joys an' gloomy cares.

Though hecklin' lint was Johnnie's trade,
He often used the pick and spade ;
The faill-dyke roond auld Swinnie Stell
He biggit for a groat the ell.

There whaups and peesweeps he did hear,
An' laiv' rocks lilting lood an' clear ;
An' saw the moorcock, grouse, and plover
Spring from amang the bloomin' heather.

He'd lie upon the green hillside
And view the distant Teviot glide ;
And there ripe corn fields behold,
Waving like lakes of molten gold.

The mattock's now laid in the neuk,
And frae the bauks are brocht the heuk ;
What hairst he got, John didna mind,
As he could either sheer or bind.

Douce Ann, his wife, and poet's mother,
And blithe Nance Riddle was the other :
The threesome milkéd John Wight's yowes
That fed upon the whinny knowes,

Where bonnie, tiny wild flo'ers grew,
Hangin' wi' blobs o' caller dew,
As through the moorland they would gang
And join the lintie's mornin' sang.

At makin' hay or casting peat,
The lads and lasses often meet,
Wi' lightsome hearts and rural sport
They make the langest day seem short.

On winter nichts their freends wad ca'
Frae Stand-Alane and Laiverock Ha',
And there they used to dance and sing,
And make the syke with music ring.

Baith young and auld joined in the reel,
For Johnnie played the bagpipes weel ;
Though he was feeble, auld, and grey,
His heart was ever young and gay—

At singing sang, or telling tale,
His wut and humour ne'er did fail ;
But langest lives come to an end,
And we must all to Nature bend.

It was a bonnie simmer day,
The broom and whin were bloomin' gay
'Midst singing birds and bleatin' sheep,
In faith auld Johnnie fell asleep.

The funeral windin' through the moor,
Auld Annie gazing frae the door—
It was a waesome sicht to see,
And sadly dimmed the widow's e'e.

Ma grannie kenned auld Annie weel,
She lived by spinnin' on the wheel ;
And after her gudeman was gane
For mony a year she lived her lane.

Wi' eident hand she used to gether
The birns o' won-brunt whins and heather,
Which, wi' the peat stack near the shiel,
Did serve for eldin' unca weel.

Her mairt and melder aye she got,
And was contentit wi' her lot ;
But eld at last brocht on decay,
And Annie, too, did pass away.

A clud had coped the Dunion Hill,
A dreary drow the syke did fill ;
Auld Nannie's up frae Stand-Alane,
And John Wight's for the doctor gane.

She, strugglin', raised her feeble heid,
And tried the Word of God to read,
Then, sighing, bad them a' " Gude nicht,"
And passed frae darkness into licht.

FERNIEHERST CASTLE.

THE SIEGE—1523.

OLD Fernieherst—dour, grim, and hoary,
Renowned in ancient Border story—
That oft the Southern foes withstood,
Stands frowning 'midst its ancient wood.
Its lords were wardens at a time
When reiving was not thought a crime ;
Those gloomy dungeons, dark and strong,
Still speak o' barbarous days now gone,
When bold mosstroopers knew no fear,
And Scotland's foes were prisoned here.
Yon rugged glen and rocky scaur
Have echoed with the din of war.
When Surrey came forth to invade
A siege on Fernieherst was made ;
On foot the gallant Dacre fought
Till near his ordnance was brought ;
But ere the trenches they could gain
Full many a gallant knight was slain.
'Midst clash of iron yetts and mail
They tried the outer walls to scale.
Brave Dand Kerr waved his brand on high,
While " Forward ! " was his battle cry.
The signal from the turret flashed !
Through tangled brake the clansmen dashed
With deadly Kerr-hand on their foes,
Who fell beneath their doughty blows.
Although no signal could be seen
From Cessford Tower or Littledean,
Yet roused were all their kindred true,
Led on by Ancrum and Buccleuch ;
With hackbut, bow, and trusty steel,
They made the Southrons backward reel.



From Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co.

By Permission,

FERNIEHERST CASTLE

"The days of siege and raids are o'er,
The din of war resounds no more."

It stirred their patriotic ire
To see that Jethart was on fire.
Above the smoke the flames did rise,
And threw their glare upon the skies.
A mail-clad warrior fast doth ride—
'Tis Andrew Kerr from Faldonside,
Of visage stern and armour bright,
With native valour joins the fight.
There fought Mark Kerr of Doviston,
And by his side his stalwart son,
Whose hand a bloodstained pennon bore,
Oft borne by his bold sires of yore.
With flying banners on they come—
The Douglas, Elliots, Scotts, and Home
All bravely fought those walls to shield—
Outnumbered, they were forced to yield.
Though now the foe this victory gains,
Yet still the blood boils in their veins;
Unconquered is that martial spirit
They from brave ancestors inherit.

THE REPRISAL—1549.

The castle razed from tower to floor,
Was built and garrisoned once more;
The Scots and French, led on by Kerr,
Courageous and well-trained to war,
On horse, on foot, from far and near,
With Jethart axe and Border spear,
Responded to the bugle call;
They storm and scale the outer wall;
Though strong the tower, a breach they made,
Through which the English captain said,
“My noble chief, we mercy crave.”
“You’ll get the mercy that you gave,”
The chief replied, and forward sprang;
A deadly conflict then began.

So fierce and furious was the shock,
Helmets were cleaved with every stroke ;
Above the clang of sword and spear
Was " Forward ! " heard and " Jethart's here ! "
So well the Kerrs their left hands ply
The dead and dying round them lie,
The castle gained, the battle won,
Revenge and slaughter are begun.
Now trembling for his cruel deeds,
In vain for life the foeman pleads.
But why, my muse, such scenes describe ?
Peace over all doth now preside.
The days of siege and raids are o'er,
The din of war resounds no more ;
No sound except the song of bird
Within the forest glade is heard,
While thistles* wave and roses* bloom
To guard and deck the warrior's tomb.

*Floral emblem of Scotland and England.

THE BATTLE OF LINTALEE.

Sing, Jed, thy sylvan scenes among,
For sweet's the music of your song,
While dancing o'er your native rocks
Beneath the ancient forest oaks.

When sable night o'erhangs your streams,
I see thee sparkle in my dreams ;
For oft I've roamed in youth's bright days
Among thy dark-green ferny braes.

Upon your haughs, amidst your bowers,
I've plucked brown nuts and gathered flowers
With those, now gone, whom I loved dear,
Whose memory often claims the tear.

No spot on earth's so dear to me ;
The patriot is nursed on thee ;
What doughty deeds have there been done !
What victories there the Scots have won !

Yon high red scaurs that tower sublime,
Now chiselled out by stream and time,
Are crowned with aged oaks that throw
Their shadows o'er the streams below.

Their gnarled trunks and foliage green
The Douglas camps and trenches screen ;
And ruined towers and castles grey
Are crumbling, shapeless, with decay.

The weeping birch and golden broom
Wave o'er some ancient warrior's tomb ;
For by your side Black Douglas fought—
'Twas Scottish blood your freedom bought—

When Richmond, with ten thousand men,
Came to lay waste your bonnie glen ;
And throw in ruins every tower
And stronghold that defied their power.

On thee their power was soon defied,
Their hearts' blood soon your streamlets dyed,
Though pinions waved and armour shone
As through the glade they marchéd on.

Brave Douglas, with his warriors, lay
On Lintalee's steep rocky brae ;
Each man determined, sword in hand,
Their home and country to defend.

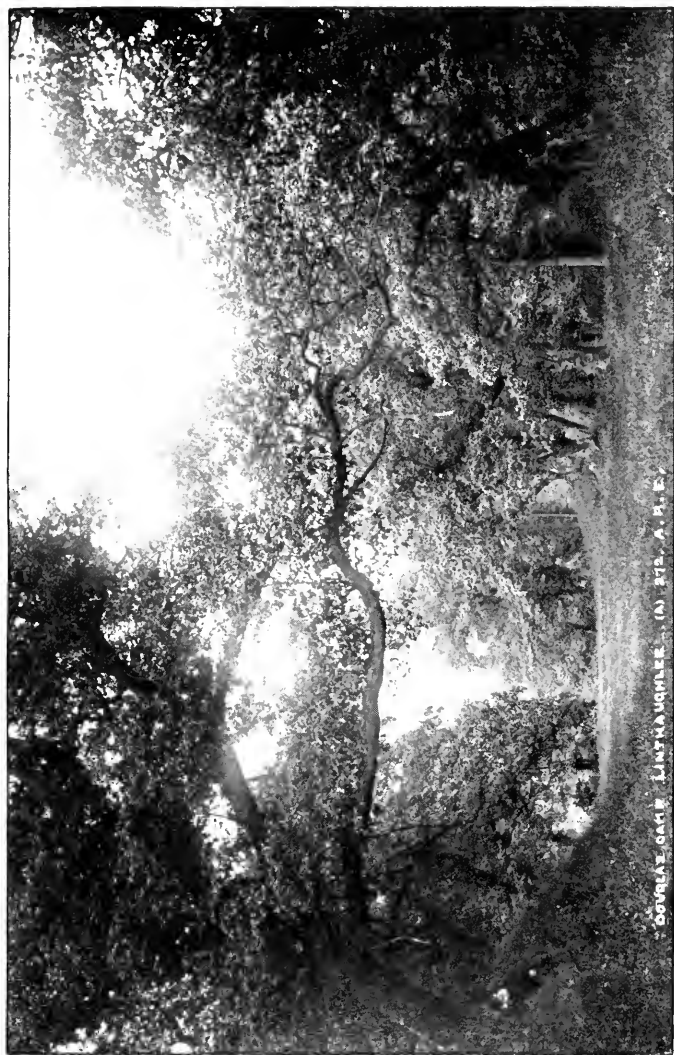
When Richmond viewed them, forth he went.
He cried, " Make ready." Bows were bent.
Then swift as stars across the sky
Ten thousand English arrows fly.

Then shouted Douglas—" On, ye brave !
And rather die than live a slave ! "
Our fathers answered—firm and clear—
" Yes, death or glory ; Jethart's here ! "

Then like the storm they forward dashed
High in the air their broadswords flashed
And as they fell down fell the foe,
For death went forth with every blow.

The earth did shake, and mail did rattle,
And war-cries rang amidst the battle ;
The bugle sounds, the forest rings,
The wild deer from its lair up-springs.

More furious then the conflict grew,
The deadly arrows thicker flew ;
And like the ice-flood's mighty crash
The spears and swords together clash.



DOUGLAS CAMP, LINTAULEE. (N. 175. A. H. E.)

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THE DOUGLAS CAMP, LINTAULEE.

"The weeping birch and golden broom
Wave o'er some ancient warrior's tomb."

R. Jack. Jedburgh

When Douglas and proud Richmond met,
Their foot to foot they quickly set ;
With vengeful hate—fierce, stern, and brave—
The Douglas fought. One blow he gave—

With deadly arm and trusty sword—
Laid foeman lifeless on the sward !
'Twas with such force his brand did wield,
Split Richmond's helmet through his shield.

A panic o'er the English came !
They fled, but left a wreath of fame
For every warrior's brow to wear
Who fought for Scotland's freedom there !

JETHART WORTHIES.

Hae ye e'er heard o' Grizzly Nannie ?
There's few can that strange bodie mind ;
A rumour gaed she wasna canny,
An' that Auld Griz could raise the wind.

Her shuttle-chin an' lang-lugg'd mutch,
Her kyloe hair, an' squintin' e'en,
Made Griz the queerest lookin' wutch
That e'er in Jethart toon was seen.

A canty queen was Grizzie Miller,
Tho' she was neither fresh nor fair ;
It was jaloos'd that she had siller—
For beauty Bauldy didna care.

Weel he perform'd the wooer's pairt.
Though simple were the words he said ;
For he has gain'd her hand an' hairt,
An' she a thrifty wife has made.

His hairt, tho' yince as "hard as flint."
Fu' soon became as soft as jeel :
He sang a' day while hecklin' lint,
While she sat spinnin' at her wheel.

Yae Fastern's E'en, when he got fou
(Wi' cronies then he'd ta'en a gless),
He thrice kiss'd Grizzie's birny mou,
An' ca'd her oft his bonnie lass.

Says she, "Guidman, just mind yersel',
Ye see that Wat the Poyet's here ;
An' weel he likes a tale to tell—
He'll make a tether o' a hair."

“ My dawtie, let folk say or think,
Life at its langest’s no’ sae lang ;
Come, handle roond again the drink,
Get up, Burgoyne, an’ gie’s a sang.”

Burgoyne complained that he was dull,
He’d new howked auld Meg Preston’s grave ;
“ But there’s ma cronie, ‘ Butter Wull ’—
Ax him, and he’ll sune gie a stave.”

Wull said he wad, and sang a ditty
About the “ Lass o’ Patie’s Mill ”—
A charmin’ lassie, blythe and pretty,
That stole men’s hairts again’ their will.

Then “ Tam-the-Tip ” was asked tae sing,
Wi’ glee he lilted “ Duncan Gray ; ”
While “ Shecky ” made the rafters ring—
Sae weel he rendered “ Scots wha hae ! ”

The patriot’s eyes fierce flashed wi’ fire,
As roond his heid his airms he flang ;
The stirrin’ strain seemed to inspire—
’Twas wi’ sic rapture that he sang.

“ Geordie Lapperkyte,” dour an’ grim,
Sat smokin’ in the ingle-neuk ;
We ne’er got sang or tale frae him,
But jist, “ Here’s t’ye ”—his gless he teuk.

His spleet-new wife, wi’ brazen face,
Wi’ drink an’ love now a’ aglow—
That she was o’ the tinkler race,
Her look and manners plain did show.

The drink got dune ; but Robbie Dunn
Began the getherin’-up at yince :
“ Ma frien’s, we canna let the fun
Be stoppit now for twae-threi pence.”

He, hat in hand, gaed up and doon,
Sorry that his ain pouch was bare
(But he had gethered half-a-croon),
“ I’ll seek the liquor for ma share.”

So aff he ran tae the Black Bull
(Tho’ nearly to the knees ’mang snaw),
An’ brocht a big black bottle full,
That cheered the hairts o’ yin an’ a’.

“ Lang Yibbie ” then got up tae speak
About the guid auld burgh toon ;
But soon was stopped by “ Bet-the-Deek,”
Whae said he was a drucken loon.

Then “ Jock Cash ” rose amang them a’
An’ told the “ Deek ” tae stop her clatter—
’Twas only yesternicht he saw
Her drinkin’ wi’ “ Lang Tam, the hatter.”

They argied sair on Kirk an’ State,
An’ said the Chartists had decided
Tae pit a stop tae rich an’ great,
An’ hae things equally divided.

Nae doot but some wad drink their share ;
It’s only just, they did maintain,
That puir and rich alike may fare,
Tae start an’ a’ divide again.

As for the Kirk, they needna bother,
Bauldy his minister had tauld
He’d never gaen tae ony other
If he had miss’d him frae the “ Auld.”

“ Hairy-the-Pug ” now curs’d an’ swore,
And d——d baith Chartist, Whig, an’ Tory—
Gie him but drink and snuff galore,
A merry sang or funny story.

Wullie Wulson, the poet, sang
 (He said the words were by hissel') ;
While "Jock-the-Kecken" then began
 His gaberlunzie tales tae tell.

His greasy wallet by him lay,
 Cramm'd fow o' braxie, ham, and breid ;
He'd beggit far an' near that day—
 Nae limits were tae "Kecken's" greed.

Puir "Lizzie Lichtfit," she cam' doon
 Daft "Merry Andrew" tae tak' hame ;
He'd only gang wi' "The Balloon,"
 But no' till time o' pairtin' came.

"The Deuk" next ca'd on "Major Morray,"
 Wi' taste refin'd and voice fu' sweet,
Who sang "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow"
 That made Nell Lake tae sab an' greet.

Her dochter Bet stood by her side,
 Who, while he sang, held doon her heid—
For love, like murder, wunna hide—
 A' kenn'd what made her blush sae reid.

Then Bauldy sent off Sandy Riddell,
 His freend, Wull Balmer, up to bring,
And wi' him fetch his fav'rite fiddle ;
 Meanwhile "Rob Cherryite" wad sing.

As Robbie tried tae stutt a lilt,
 His airm knockit owre the bottle :
As a' the liquor then was spilt,
 It made them, for the time, teetotal.

But Robbie Dunn to "Norland's" went,
 An', gently tappin' at the door,
Jock, Robbie's rap at yince he kent,
 As he had oft been there afore.

He got the drink, and back he gaed,
Hurryin' lest his freen's should weary ;
He caredna thro' the snaw tae wade,
For whusky made him yauld an' cheery.

An' as the drink was handed round,
"The Tip," he thus himself express'd,
That "from experience he had found
Drink's warst tae them that likes't the best."

Then auld *Sarcophagus* came in
Tae tell that "Tam-the-Goof" was deid—
The tears were drappin' frae his chin—
Tae mimic sorrow was his creed.

A pitch-pine coffin he wad make ;
Says "Miser," "Man, I wad be laith :
Try make them cheap for puir folk's sake—
A' wud's the same when clad wi' claith."

But some folk's' drooth doth come an' gang,
While others' drooth doth come an' stay ;
So Grizzie fail'd in every plan
Tae get her droothie freen's away.

At last, I sang them "Auld Lang Syne"—
That never fails to touch the hairt ;
As the prerogative was mine,
I now propos'd we a' should pairt.

Then at the door, 'mid frost and snaw,
We bade each ither a' "Guid nicht ;"
Sic shakin' hands I never saw,
The mune ne'er shone on sic a sicht.



From Photo. by

R. Jack, Jedburgh.

ARMS ON QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE.

QUEEN MARY'S VISIT TO JEDBURGH

ON 9TH OCTOBER, 1566.

It was a bonnie autumn morn,
 When rainbow tints the woods adorn ;
 The sun rose o'er the Cheviots high,
 'Midst glowing clouds of purple dye.
 Aurora, smiling to behold,
 The hills all crowned with burnished gold ;
 While sparkling bright in sunny beams
 There flowed sweet Teviot's winding streams.
 On every tower and turret high
 The old historic banners fly.
 With pride the patriots behold
 A green silk flag with cross of gold,
 Taken, and was with triumph borne,
 By Jethart men from Bannockburn.
 At the West Port the bugle sounds
 Till every hill and glen resounds ;
 The clang of bells and deafening cheer
 Told that the cavalcade was near ;
 The polished armour shining bright,
 All flashing back the morning light.
 Amidst the foremost rank is seen
 Auld Scotia's own belovéd Queen.
 The ancient crown she nobly wore,
 With majesty the sceptre bore ;
 While bishops, lords, and ladies fair,
 And gallant Border chiefs were there—
 Brave Fernieherst and bold Buccleuch,
 With their retainers, stern and true.
 The Port gates, they're thrown open wide,
 And burghers hail their Queen with pride :
 The bells ring out a merry peal,
 The bugle sounds both loud and shrill,
 The old town piper's rousing strain
 Was " Welcome, Stewart, back again."

At Mercat Cross a halt was made,
When thus the loyal Provost said—
“Thrice welcome to our ancient town ;
This day will add to its renown.
You see that grand old Abbey there,
No other with it can compare ;
And yonder's where the Castle stood,
And there's the streets oft drenched in blood.
'With Jedwood axe and Border spear
Her doughty sons no foe doth fear,
Were so heroic,' Surrey wrote,
And told his King how brave they fought ;
Such valiant men he never saw
Fight for their country, Queen, and law.”
The Queen replied, and, bowing down,
A royal charter gave the town.
The Provost now the Queen doth guide
Unto the Court-House to preside.
As guilty rogues from justice fly,
Alas, they had no case to try.

.
Lord Bothwell, he has sent his men
To search each tower, each hill, and glen ;
While he, well mounted and alone,
For Elliot of the Park has gone.
They met, no living creature near,
Both armed with sword and Border spear.
“Wha daur meddle wi' me ?” he cried,
And, dashing forth, his broadsword plied.
They fought on horse, they fought on ground,
Till Bothwell, pierced with many a wound,
Enraged, his trenchant brand he drew,
And with a thrust Jock Elliot slew.
Through his brave heart the sword had gone ;
He fell, departing with a groan.
As there the dead and wounded lay,
By chance the soldiers came that way.

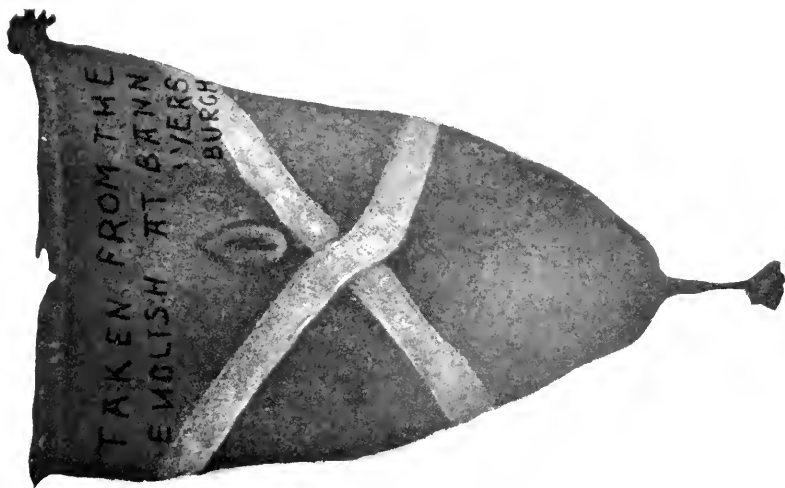
To Hermitage they had him borne,
 And messenger was sent next morn
 To Jedworth Court to tell the Queen
 A deadly conflict there had been.
 She heard the news, and thus did say—
 “ We'll mount and visit him to-day.”
 Gay lords and ladies by her side
 Up the romantic Rule did ride ;
 And such a gorgeous sight, I ween,
 In that lone glen was never seen.
 O'er haggs, morasses, heath, and bent
 Straight on to Hermitage they went,
 To where the old grey castle stood,
 'Midst Nature's gloomy solitude.
 When the lieutenant had been seen,
 And business finished by the Queen,
 Returned to Jedworth the same day,
 Though rough and pathless was their way.
 From Fulton Tower admiring saw
 The rugged front of Ruberslaw ;
 While from the break the stag and hind
 Would startle up and snuff the wind,
 And o'er the hills they swiftly bound,
 So light their feet scarce touch the ground.

Next morn the Queen became so ill.
 It was thought wise to make her will.
 A while 'twas thought that she was dead,
 And prayers throughout the land were said.
 How sad, the house then went on fire,
 When lord and bishop, maid and squire,
 Hurried round their suffering Queen,
 A dreadful and exciting scene.
 Amidst their agony and fear
 Another house was offered near ;

The prostrate Queen was carried there,
By her own maids, with loving care.
The news to Hermitage has gone,
Lord Bothwell brought horse litter on ;
As he had true and loyal been
Both to his country and his Queen.
In haste her lord and husband came,
Husband unworthy of the name.
His was a cold, unfeeling heart
That from his Queen that night could part ,
Although she still in danger lay,
He left upon the following day.
Her French physician, of great skill,
Performed his duties with such zeal
Soon every one was glad to see
Sure signs of safe recovery,
And that the bracing Border air
Would soon her feeble health repair.
From her bower window there she sees
The mellow fruit upon the trees ;
And list the robin redbreast sing,
And Jed's streams sweetly murmuring.
Heron and Hume would music play
To cheer and wile the time away ;
And when her health and strength improved
Among Jed's banks and braes she roved.
Auld Fernieherst and Lintalee,
And other famous scenes would see.
Thankofferings unto God she gave,
Who blest the means her life to save.
The gift made Jedworth's poor rejoice,
And raise to Heaven their grateful voice
For the recovery of their Queen,
Who unto them so kind had been.
The old clock in the Abbey Tower
Has warned the burghers of the hour
That with their Queen they now must part ;
All are in readiness to start.



FLAG TAKEN AT KILLIECRANKIE.



FLAG TAKEN FROM THE ENGLISH AT BANNOKBURN, BY THE
WEAVERS OF JEDBURGH.

“ With pride the patriots behold
A green silk flag with cross of gold.

The cortege looked both bright and gay,
As from the town they marched away.
Glittering in noontide sheen,
'Midst pompous splendour, rode the Queen :
The lustre of her eyes outshone
The brightest jewels in her crown.
The burghers raised their hats and cheered
Till out of sight they disappeared,
Then bent their ears down to the ground
To hear the last tramp's fading sound.

THE JETHART EMIGRANT'S FAREWEEL.

My native land, now fare thee weel !
I leave thee never to return ;
Inchbonny's braes nae mair I'll spiel,
Nor muse by Howden's wimplin' burn.

Oft with my little sister dear,
In happy youth, I sported there ;
I pull'd the wild rose from the brier
To deck her bonnie gowden hair.

I fill'd her lap with gowans white,
And these upon a thread she strung ;
Her soft blue een beamed with delight
As round my neck the wreath she hung.

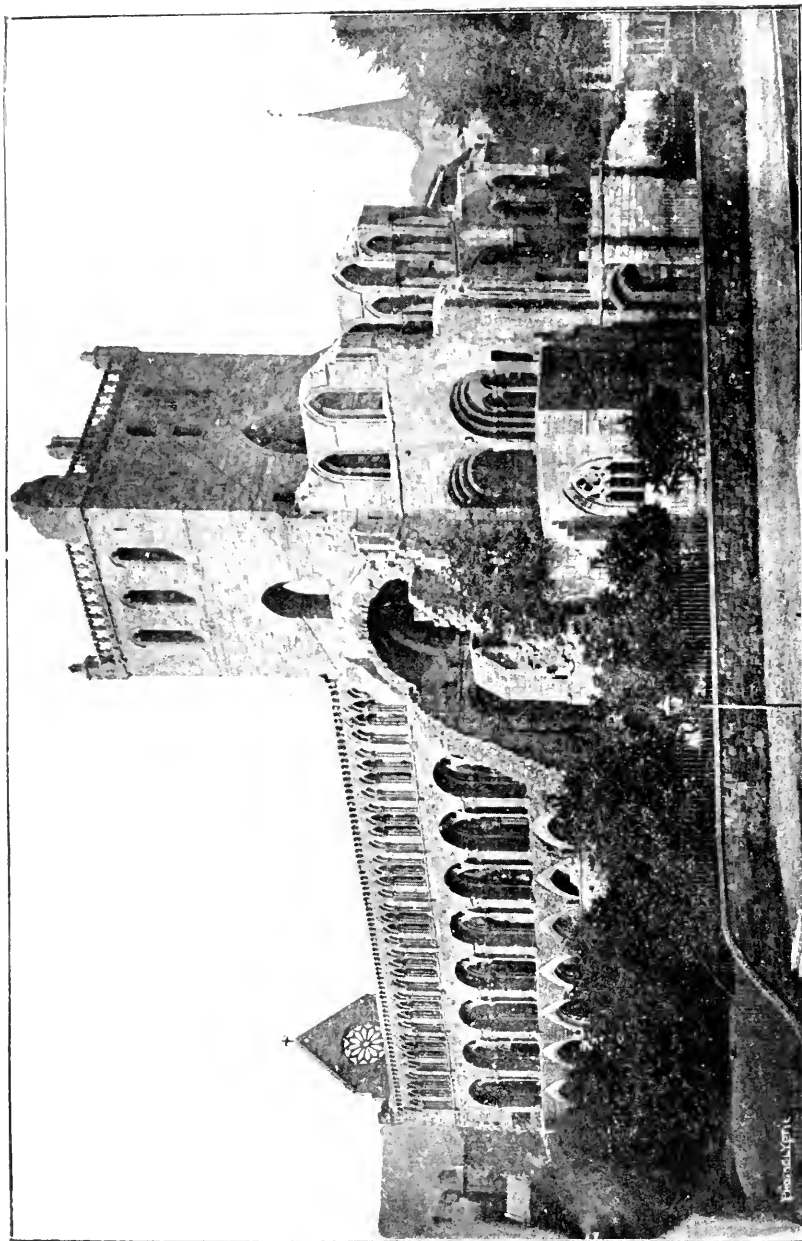
The butterflies we used to chase,
Bonnet in hand, from flower to flower ;
And, weary, found a resting-place
Within yon dark green shady bower.

The tree on which we carv'd our names
Was cut down by a stranger's hand ;
And those that joined us in the games
Are dead, or in a foreign land.

Jethart ! my dear, my native toon,
I may not tell the grief I feel,
Whene'er I think that I must soon
Bid thee a long, a last fareweel.

I saw the auld kirkyard last night,
When the full moon had mounted high ;
And thrice I took a last fond sight
O' graves where friends and comrades lie.

And lang in pensive mood I mused
By our Saint Mary's noble pile ;
Lang, lang its grandeur I perused,
Still wondering at its massive style.



From Photo by G. W. Wilson & Co.

JEDBURGH ABBEY, FROM S.E.

By Permission.

Yes, strangers view it with surprise,
And from it reap a rare delight ;
It needs no Scott to immortalise,
Or throw around it " pale moonlight."

Seen from the Abbey's tower in May
Our toon is not surpassed by ony—
The trees and flowers all blooming gay,
The yairds and orchards a' sae bonnie !

And must I leave thee, bonnie Jed,
The high red scaurs and flowery braes,
And the thatched cot with ivy clad,
The hame o' boyhood's happy days ?

Content were we with but-and-ben ;
A divot shiel, a broom-thatched byre ;
We got our eldin frae the glen,
In winter kept a roosin' fire.

There my kind mother sang sae cheery
While she was spinnin' on the wheel ;
The winter nights we ne'er did weary,
We liked her sangs and cracks sae weel.

When faither us'd oor shoon to mend,
Auld Border tales he wad relate ;
Or read ben in the other end
The grave " Night Thoughts " or " Fourfold State."

When lads and lasses there did meet,
At blind man's buff we us'd to play ;
We danced and sang, while time did fleet,
We always thought, owre fast away.

When Rob and I did herd the coo,
We gumpit trouts in Woodfield Burn ;
Nits, slaes, and brambles we did pu'—
Sic happy days can ne'er return.

On Peerie's haugh we us'd to play,
In Tammie White's Pool oft we dookit ;
We gathered flowers on Toddle Brae,
And ernits there we often howkit.

Auld Fernieherst ! nae mair I'll see
Thy hoary castle tow'ring high ;
In midnight hour I've stood by thee
And heard the eerie hoolits cry.

'Twas then upon the past I thought ;
What valiant deeds had there been done ;
How brave the doughty warriors fought,
And there a glorious victory won.

The battlefields of Lintalee,
Of Ancrum Moor, and the Reedswire ;
The record of each victory
Shall rouse my patriotic fire !

Murray, the heckler, oft would tell
The story of the False Alarm—
He was a volunteer himsel'—
How Lizzie held on by his arm,

And cried, " My Eddie, dinna gang !
Man ! can ye hear these bairnies greet ? "
He shot her by, and off he ran,
And joined his comrades on the street.

The beacons blaz'd, the bells did ring,
The bugle sounded loud and clear ;
But yet was heard above the din
The ancient war-cry, " Jethart's here ! "

Sad changes have I lived to see ;
Auld friends are deid, young friends are grey ;
And what has oft brought grief to me,
Their very hames are swept away.

Aik Bush's gane, and Ratten Raw,
And the Head Fauld and auld Gray Peel,
And Matthew's Wa's and Light Pipe Ha'—
The cosy bields, ance lo'ed sae weel.

There by mysel' I often dander,
As while I'm in a pensive mood
On auld lang syne I'll stand and ponder,
Where mony a weel-kenn'd housie stood.

At the Gray Peel is still the well—

A broken mug I there did find,
Green owre with fog, and it did tell
It's tale unto my brooding mind.

The Bussin' Burn, that lone retreat—

Gaun to the kirk on Sunday morn—
The lassies used to wash their feet
In yon clear pool beside the thorn.

Barefit, they cam' o'er hills and dales,

Through 'mang the heather and the bent,
And there they stopp'd to busk themsel's
Before into the toon they went.

Dear scenes! oft Gray and I did wander

"Far frae the busy haunts of men,"
And look'd at Nature's varied grandeur
On hill, on moor, in rugged glen.

The cheerful spring we lov'd the best,

When flowerets deck the banks and braes,
And we would seek the wild-bird's nest,
And live again our youthful days.

The Blacklaw and the Merlin Dean,

Where dowie solitude doth reign;
Nae mair I'll view the dreary scene,
Or hear the whaup's wild cry again.

Nae mair I'll sit in Swinnie Stell,

And hear the cushat's plaintive sound;
Or climb again the Dunion Hill,
And view the classic scenes around.

Nae mair I'll be as I have been—

How much with me now finds an end!
Farewell each lovely hallow'd scene!
Farewell each dear and faithful friend!

THE JETHART EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

TAM, guess ye whae I met yestreen
But our auld cronie, Andrew Gray ?
I scarcely could believe my een,
For he has been sae lang away.
We met near by the Allars Mill—
Up the Hemp Hole we had a crack ;
But when we reached the Gala Hill
The tears gush'd forth, and thus he spak' :

“ Wat, weel I like the auld Toonheid,
The Loaning and the Chatto's Wynd ;
They speak to me o' friends lang deid—
Friends left in youth and health behind.
Man ! lang I wearied to return
To trace the haunts o' youthful days ;
Let's e'en gae doon by the Back Burn
To see its bonnie banks and braes.”

The tiny haughs, the green-fail dyke,
The Aiky Braes were there the same
As when we robb'd the “ bummie byke,”
And play'd at mony a merry game.
The Skipping Burn was sparkling clear,
And fragrant was the milk-white thorn ;
The rose bloom'd on the scented brier,
The primrose did the braes adorn.

We pu'd a bob for auld lang syne,
And put a primrose in our breast ;
And where the honeysuckles twine
We sought and found a blackie's nest.
It had four gaibleks—pair wee things !—
That rax'd their necks and gapit wide ;
The auld anes, flaffering on their wings,
Were screaming as if us to chide.

We rais'd the grass bent by our feet,
So as to leave no tracings there,
And left them in their lone retreat
Their pleasant rural joys to share.
We gaed and sat upon the stane
On which Prince Charlie sat when here ;
Spak' o' the happy days lang gane,
And mony a friend and comrade dear.

The scene was still unchang'd, but they
Were gone—"the old familiar faces :"
Wi' changing time they'd passed away,
And strangers filled their vacant places.
We stood beneath the elm tree
Upon whose boughs we used to swing,
And viewed the Lambskins' gowany lea,
That back our youthful sports did bring.

Here's Addie's Haugh and the Deil's Den,
Where mony a hundred times we've been ;
Dark Entries and the Cat's Cleugh Glen,
Where ghosts and bogles oft were seen.
We daundered up the auld Hawick Gate
Until we cam' to Stand Alane ;
The setting sun showed it was late—
We parted there to meet again.

A BORDER RAID.

WULL VEITCH stood at the auld Gray Peel,
His trusty broadsword in his hand,
Awaiting for the rising moon
To light a raid to Cumberland.

And by his side five stalwart sons,
All clad in mail, with Border spear—
He looked on them wi' muckle pride,
And with them he no foe would fear.

Through Lintalee's deep, rugged glen,
And 'cross by Swinnie Moor they rode ;
A braver and a dourer band
Their native heather never trod.

The fox yelped in the Merlindean,
The hoolet screamed in Heidfold's dell ;
Blackburn's eerie sough was heard ;
The wind raved through auld Swinnie Stell.

They trotted up the lonely Rule,
By Fulton Tower and Ruberslaw,
By Bon'ster Hill and Maiden Paps,
And ower Shankend to the stell Shaw.

"Halt!" cries auld Wull, "tie fast your nags,
We'll scale those walls tho' twice as high,
We'll force their bars tho' twice as strong,
And make their doors in splinters fly!"

They made a raid on auld Gray Peel,
Unseen, upon a stormy night ;
When near owerta'en on the next morn
They left their prey and took to flight.

“Revenge ! revenge !” cries buirdly Rob,
Making yetts like thunder rattle ;
And they have harried Foster’s byres,
Driving forth his weel-fed cattle.

But scarcely had they gone a mile
When up rode Foster with his clan ;
As all was ready for the fight,
A deadly conflict then began.

Auld Wull, he drew his trusty brand,
And with a doughty, well-aimed blow,
Laid Foster lifeless on the bent,
The blood from his death-wound did flow !

“Now, on them, billies !” cries Jock Veitch—
And fierce and fearless on they dashed ;
Their Border spears and burnished mail
All in silvery moonlight flashed.

The hills and glens did loud resound
With slogan shouts and clang of steel ;
And every blow the Veitches gave
They made the Fosters backward reel.

The Southr’ns all with valour fought,
And yet their valour was in vain ;
Five wounded lay upon the ground,
The laird and both his sons were slain.

The Veitches, though forfouchen sore,
And sev’ral wounded in the fray,
Then drove their dear-bought cattle home,
And reached Gray Peel by dawn of day.

There, round the fire on winter nights,
The marks of wounds they oft would show ;
While every face would brighten up
With true and patriotic glow.

The broken spear, the battered mail,
That hung around the ancestral hall;
The moonlight raids and Border feuds,
And daring deeds they'd oft recall.

The auld wife then would stop the wheel,
The barnman lay aside his flail;
The youngsters, too, would gather round
To hear the auld man's stirring tale.

There, at the swingling o' the lint,
And at the milking o' the yowes,
Auld Jenny sang them "Robin Gray,"
And Nance "The broom o' Cowdenknowes."

All earthly joys come to an end,
For Time has many changes made;
They all sleep in the auld kirkyaird,
Beneath the ancient Abbey's shade.

The auld Gray Peel is swept away,
No stone is left to mark the spot;
Within few years, 'tis sad to think,
The very name may be forgot!

LINTALEE GLEN.

The lark had heralded the morn,
The dew gleamed on the springing corn,
The primrose bloomed upon the brae,
Fresh scattered from the lap of May.

I wandered forth again to see
The bonnie glen of Lintalee—
A scene romantic, lone, and wild,
Where rocks in rugged grandeur's piled,

With rowan, birch, and hazel crowned,
And honeysuckle twining round ;
There aged trees profusely grow,
That o'er the glen their shadows throw.

Forget-me-nots and violets bloom,
And briars exhale their rich perfume ;
The milk-white slaes and budding saughs
Bedeck the banks and tiny haughs.

Down the deep glen the burnie strays
'Neath gnarled roots and ferny braes ;
Then, gliding on from linn to linn,
It makes a sweet and pleasing din.

There, musing in the woodland glade,
Beneath the spreading beech-tree shade,
Through which the slanting sunbeams shone
The soft green moss-clad banks upon,

Where lady-ferns unfold their ring
Beside a caller bubbling spring ;
There Nature's votaries oft do drink,
And meditate beside its brink.

There see the thrush, with mottled breast,
'Neath the brae hag, snug on its nest ;
While her love-mate sings o'er its head,
And there the sylvan choir lead,

Each pouring forth its varied song
The opening buds and leaves among,
Till banks and braes and glens resound
With cheerful and harmonious sound.

I wished that ALLAN had been there
With me the charming scenes to share ;
All Nature looked so fresh and gay
Upon that bonnie morn in May.



From Photo by

LINTALEE GLEN.

E. Waldie, Jedburgh.

“ Down the deep glen the burnie strays,
Neath gnarled roots and ferny braes,
Then, gliding on from linn to linn,
It makes a sweet and pleasing din.

REVERIES.

FROM Hardenpeel I stood and gazed--

It was a charming sight !

The sun shone through a veil of mist,

The cranreuch glimmer'd bright.

And, winding down sweet Oxnam vale,

Clear flashed the limpid streams,

On which the sun was pouring forth

A flood of golden beams.

The fading woods in various hues,

The brackens on the brae,

The scrogs that fringe the water side,

All lovely in decay.

And there the kirk and auld kirkyaird,

And sweet romantic glade ;

And distant hills that looked so grand

In flitting light and shade.

The heifers graze upon the knowe

Where stood the auld craig tower ;

Round aged thorns the ivy twines,

And forms a leafy bower.

What makes the vale so dear to me--

My mother there was born :

Which called forth cherished memories

Upon that Autumn morn.

It was upon yon bank and brae

She gathered flowers when young,

And oft yon bonnie hills and glens

With her sweet voice have rung.

In strains that ne'er were seen in print--

Some native minstrel's lay,

Who sang about his bonnie lass

While teddin' o' the hay.

Or ewe-bughts at the dawn of morn
At milkin' o' the yowes ;
Or when he met her with her pail
Upon the whinnie knowes.

The author, with his songs, are now
Into oblivion gone ;
Though mother's voice is also mute,
The streams still ripple on.

Round Swinside, which to her was dear
And dear the low thatch cot,
When it's auld wa's in ruins lay
She visited the spot,

And pointed where the bee-skeps stood,
Where mint and wallflowers grew ;
Though three score years had come and gone,
There every spot she knew.

Her father there the shuttle plied,
Her mother plied the wheel ;
And, oh, it grieved her sair to leave
The home she lo'ed sae weel.

I gaed and ca'ed on kind auld freends—
My mother's freends and mine—
And whiles we leuch, and whiles we grat,
In cracking ower lang syne.

While dandering hame by Thickside Heicht
I often looked around,
And thought a more delightful scene
On earth could not be found.

The hearty welcome that I got
I'll ever bear in mind,
And grateful feel to Oxnam folk,
Whose hearts are leal and kind

A TOONHEID EMIGRANT.

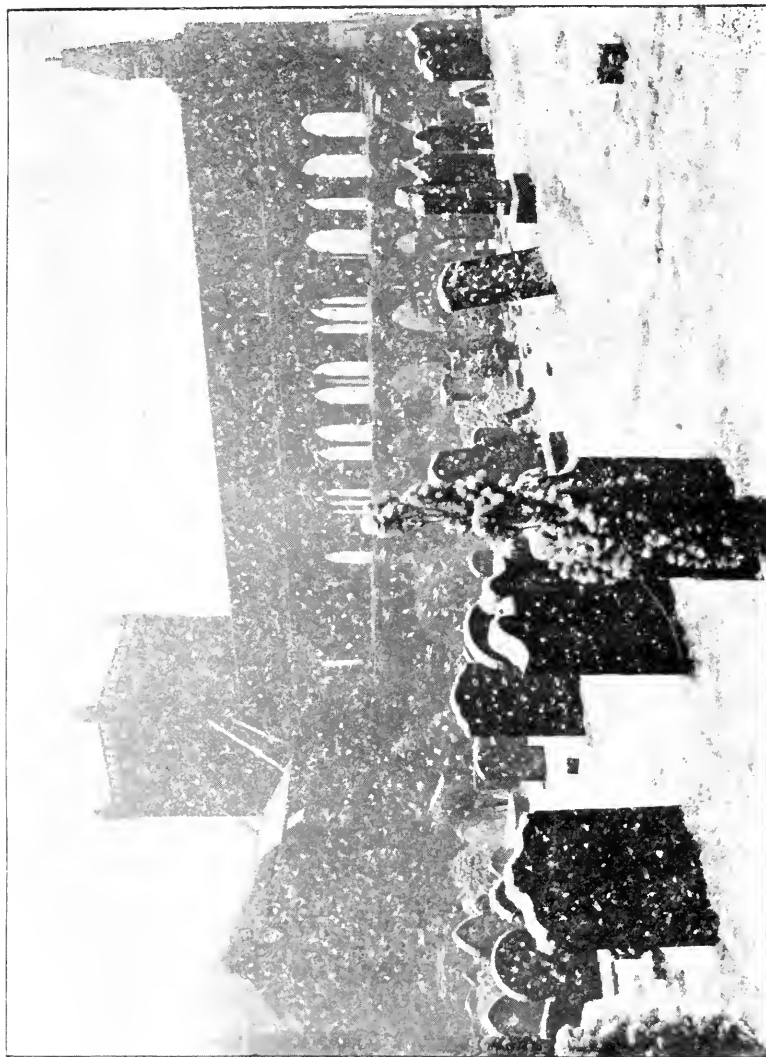
Full sixty years have passed away
Since on that sad, eventful day
Young Babbie left her native shore,
And dear friends, to return no more.
But tho' she left while very young,
She speaks yet in her mother tongue ;
Its soond is music to her ear,
The auld Scotch words to her are dear—
The "loaning," "stell," and "Dunion Syke,"
The "lum," "kirkyaird," and "Auld Fail Dyke."
'Though upwards of three score and ten,
She minds each hoose, each but-an'-ben ;
The burn, the cleugh, the haugh, the braes,
'Mang which she spent her youthfu' days ;
Where briers an' honeysuckle twine,
As mem'ry weaves roond auld lang syne.

Now auld, she canna leave her hame,
But her ain dochter, Jenny, came
To trace the folk o' the Toonheid,
And view the graves o' them that's deid,
And every well-remembered scene
Where her dear mother oft had been.

Ae bonnie morn in last September—
A morn I ever will remember—
The sun rose o'er the Cheviots high,
And speeled the cloudless azure sky ;
When through the moor we roamed together,
To pull a "bob " o' blooming heather,
Where " Stewart's theekit hoose " aince stood
'Midst Nature's peaceful solitude.
Alas! baith hoose an' shiel are gane,
No vestiges of them remain ;
Sweet flowerets deck the grassy spot,
The site o' Mattha's rural cot

A few choice blooms she there did gather,
To carry to her aged mither,
Who oft with her grandparents there
Had joined the heartfelt praise and prayer.

Her dochter she will sune be back,
An' nae doobt they'll ha'e mony a crack;
The auld wife, gazing through past years,
Will dim her spectacles wi' tears.
Nae wonder that her heart is sair—
She greets to think she'll see nae mair
Those scenes of which she loves to hear,
Those scenes to her for ever dear.
While Jenny sits an' tells her a'
About the folk that's far awa';
An,' as she lays her glasses doon,
The auld wife will be heard to croon—
“There's no' a place on a' the earth
Like the Toonheid, my place o' birth.”



From Photo by

JEDBURGH ABBEY FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

R. Lack, Jedburgh.

"Dreary is the auld kirkyaird,
The graves a' clod wi' snaw."

EILEEN—A DIRGE.

O, what a stormy nicht—Eileen,
 A cauld North wund doth blaw ;
 And dreary is the auld kirkyaird,
 The graves a' cled wi' snaw.
 And weird the glimmering lights, Eileen,
 That through the darkness gleam ;
 And eerie, eerie is the sough
 O' Jed's half frozen stream.

* * * * *

*How wae is the auld widow now,
 Sin' her guidman is gane ;
 Wi' little eldin' i' the hoose,
 There sittin' a' her lane.*

* * * * *

See at the blinding drift, Eileen,
 And that auld beggar-man ;
 To comfort him in sic a nicht
 We maun dae what we can.
 I ken yer hairt is kind, Eileen,
 Tho' little ye've to spare ;
 But, wi' kind word and tearfu' e'e,
 Ye aye that little share.
 While ye sit at yer wee bit fire,
 Sae cosy and sae warm,
 Ye ne'er forget the hameless puir
 That's shivering i' the storm.
 But, Eileen, when ye leave this earth,
 It may be lang or soon,
 We ken that ye'll get your reward
 Frae Him wha rules aboon.

AN APRIL MORN.

I.

I sit down by the Loaning side,
This bonnie April morn;
The amorous maukins sportive rin
Amang the springing corn.

II.

The sun shines in the purple east,
Birds sing on ilka spray;
The lav'rock, at the gates of Heaven,
Proclaims the dawn of day.

III.

I watch the change, and see the mist
In fleecy clouds arise,
When wafted on the scented breeze,
Like incense to the skies.

IV.

A sparkling blob o' caller dew
Bends down each grassy blade;
The budding flowers burst into bloom
Down in yon woodland glade.

V.

Forget-me-nots beside the burn,
The gowan on the brae,
The primrose on the scroggy bank
Beneath the blooming slae.

VI.

There sits the yorling on its nest,
O'erhung with withered ferns;
Oh, dinna harrie't o' its eggs,
Ye cruel, thoughtless bairns!

VII.

For they will soon be bonnie birds,
Wi' gowden plumage drest ;
Then, 'Oh, in pity let them be,'
Within their cosy nest.

VIII.

I list the lambkins on the lea,
The cushat doon the glen ;
The muircock, on the distant fell,
That shuns the haunts o' men.

IX.

The bummie hums upon the saugh,
And sweet the streamlets sound
While crooning down the rashy syke
And gurgling 'neath the ground.

X.

With grateful heart I look around
Upon each lovely scene ;
To roam 'midst these from year to year
How priv'leged I have been.

XI.

Let others leave their native hame,
Grand foreign sights to see—
The Loaning side and Miller's Burn
Have lasting charms for me.

PROSE.

ROBERT BURNS:

*An Address delivered at the Burns Anniversary meeting at
Fedburgh, January 25, 1874.*

I assure you it affords me much pleasure in meeting with so many friends and kindred spirits to take part in celebrating the birth of our eminent and distinguished countryman, Robert Burns, who well merits our esteem and admiration, for he is not only by far the greatest and most popular poet our country has ever produced, but he was gifted with such extraordinary mental endowments that fitted him to shine in any sphere—but nowhere did he shine brighter than in the company of ladies; for it was then that his conversation became most fascinating; so much so that he once lifted the Duchess of Gordon off her feet by his spontaneous and dazzling eloquence. Then take him as a letter-writer. In that difficult part of literature, when compared with the greatest of all countries and all ages, he has been seldom equalled, and never excelled; and had he never written a single line of poetry, his letters were meritorious enough in themselves to have rendered himself immortal. Yet it is in his poetry where the great force, sublimity, and sorcery of his genius lie, and which has gained for him such universal admiration, and of which I cannot speak but in the spirit of enthusiasm; for it is there he poured forth the rich treasures of his original and noble mind, ravishing the ear and entrancing the soul with his “wild artless notes,” for it came as natural for Burns to sing as the sun to shine. His creative and descriptive powers were of the highest order; he also possessed a bright burning passion, which is the very spirit of poetry, and which has thrown a radiance over all his works, lighting up the faces of his heroines as with a smile, and making their eyes to shine like stars, as he thus so beautifully describes them:—

“ Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Was trinkling down her swan-like neck ;
 And her twa eyes, like stars in skies,
 Wad keep a sinking ship fra wreck.”

Oh, what power lies in woman's charms. It is almost impossible for man to look upon them when arrayed in all their loveliness, when their glorious eyes are kindled up with love's celestial flame, and sparkling like polished diamonds bathed in sunbeams, without being both captivated and enraptured by them ; more especially if they possess a poetical turn of mind ; for they have been the inspiration of poets in all ages, and there is no doubt Burns must have been inspired and enraptured with the bewitching smiles and angelic forms of Scotland's bonnie lasses when he wrote such glowing poetry as this :—

“ 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;
 Her lips, like roses, wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white :
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

“ She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
 She charm'd my soul, I wistna how,
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.”

Yet Burns has portrayed the features and the charms of the landscape in as exquisite and vivid a manner as the features and the charms of woman. His descriptions of Nature are Nature's self. They breathe the freshness of the morning, the fragrance of flowers, and the music of birds and streams. Here, in his elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, we have some of the best descriptive poetry ever woven by poetic genius. What passages are these :—

“ Mourn ilka grove the cushat kens !
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !
 Ye burnies, wimpling down your glens
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae linn to linn.

"Mourn, little harebells, o'er the lea ;
 Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see ;
 Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
 In scented bow'rs ;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers."

And what a graphic description he gives us of a Scotch burn. He has brought it out in such a manner that we imagine ourselves in a deep ferny glen, looking upon the reality rather than reading his description :—

"Whyles ower a linn the burnie plays
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays ;
 Whiles in a wiel it dimpl't :
 "Whyles glitter'd to the mighty rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night."

What pleasure there is in the glorious works of Nature to those who have a mind to appreciate them ; for, as our bard has sung—

"O Nature ! a' thy shows an' forms
 To feeling, pensive hearts has charms !
 Whether the simmer kindly warms,
 Wi' life an' light,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
 The lang dark night !"

To those who are advanced in years, who have been admirers of Nature, who feel their health declining, and who think they have seen the seasons change for the last time, how very expressive are these deep pathetic lines :—

"Oh ! soon to me may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave !
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave."

But Burns has not only played and excelled upon the pathetic chord: he has struck with ecstasy the patriotic. In what ardent and heart-stirring strains has he sung the martial glory of auld Caledonia, whose stern and unconquered spirit still reigns upon the misty summits of her rugged crags and majestic mountains, and who has defied the hostile armies of Rome, Denmark, and England; for they might as well have attempted to put in fetters the mighty tempest as the brave and dauntless sons of Scotia, whose courageous exploits and achievements still inspire, foster, and make our bosoms throb and glow with such patriotic feelings as Burns so well expresses here—

“ At Wallace’ name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace’ side,
Still pressing onward, red wat-shod,
Or glorious died.”

Then take Bruce’s Address. In reading this historic ode we find it so full of fire and animation that we imagine we hear the hero of Bannockburn addressing his army; we imagine we see the mail-clad warriors meet, and hear the crash of arms. How grateful we ought to feel to Burns for singing in such bold and deathless strains the heroic valour of our forefathers, who have fought and died in many a deadly conflict in maintaining the independency of our country—a country of which every Scotchman has reason to be proud—and do all that lies in his power to keep up its nationality, as the charter of her freedom is embalmed in the blood of heroes and martyrs, and in place of being a conquered nation, we are now united to England on equal terms. Yet Burns, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, has truly said—“What are all the boasted advantages my country has derived from the Union that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even of her very name?” He says—“Nothing can reconcile me to the common terms, ‘English Ambassador,’ ‘English Court,’” &c. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has expressed himself in a very similar manner. He says—

"I have always felt it painfully that the name of Scotland should be lost—not in Britain, for that is proper, but—in England." Now, the injustice of which Burns and Hogg naturally complain is an injustice which is still increasing. I would like to know the reason why we should hear such common terms as "The Queen of England," "The Parliament of England," "The English Navy," "The English Army," "Ye Mariners of England," "England expects that every man this day may do his duty." These, and many other such-like sentiments, are a gross injustice to Scotland; they are making a wrong impression at home and abroad, and Scotchmen should protest against them, for it is full time they were put a stop to. It is a well-known truth that Scotland has contributed its part since the Union in literature, science, art, and action, and the integrity and energy of Scotchmen have placed them at the head of almost every great work, in this and other countries, wherever they are to be found—and they are throughout the whole civilised world—and wherever they go, I am happy to say, they still cherish in their hearts a deep-rooted love for their country and its nationality, which may be seen this evening; for in many a distant land there will be thousands met to celebrate the birth of their national poet; and while they recite his poetry and sing his songs they will summon up to memory the familiar features of auld Scotland, with all her endearing associations. They will see the old venerable abbeys, and ruined castles, and towers mantled in ivy, and crumbling shapeless in decay. They will see the blue mountains and brown heather hills towering in all their wild native grandeur. They will see the broom hanging its golden tassels over the hoary brows of the moss-covered rocks. They will hear the linties singing among the blooming whins; the lambkins bleating on the flowery braes; and the burnies croonin' down the white gowany glens; and many other pleasant sounds. They will see many sweet sunny spots that are ever dear to their memory. And when they sing "Auld Lang Syne" it will call to mind the friends and companions of youth's happy days, with whom "they ran about the braes an' pou'd the gowans fine," and who, perhaps, are now gathered to their fathers, a thought that will

make the tears roll down their cheek ; for such is the great moving power that lies in the poetry of Burns, that it can melt the heart into tears or “ fire the soldier on to dare.” It creates and nurses feelings of love, humanity, benevolence, patriotism, and independence. Reading and studying such descriptive poetry is like unto the cultivation of flowers : it purifies, enriches, ennobles, and develops the mind, and enables us to see more clearly, and enjoy more fully, the grandeur and the beauty of the landscape ; for, as Keats has said, “ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.” Such are the works of Burns : they are “ a joy for ever ; ” they are as immortal as the themes on which they are composed ; for so long as the mellow mavis and wild whistling blackbird celebrate the birth of spring, and make our woods and glens to ring with their delightful music—or as long as the snowdrop, the primrose, the harebell, and the milk-white hawthorn blossom adorn and scent our woodlands—or as long as the rough burr thistle, the purple heather, the green brackens, and the yellow broom wave on the bonnie hills and dales of auld Caledonia—or as long as the Scottish heart is fired with the glorious and the immortal fame of the Wallace and the Bruce—or as long as the lingering star ushers in the day, or the rising sun glints ower the glantin’ moon, so long will Burns’ works be read and appreciated, his memory cherished, and the light of genius burn and shine, not like unto the fading light of the lingering star, but like unto the blazing sun it will shine forth in its refulgent glory, increasing in lustre as education and civilisation roll back the dense clouds of ignorance and superstition.

DR JOHN LEYDEN :

*An Address delivered at the Jedburgh Burns Club Celebration of the
Leyden Centenary in 1875.*

I cannot hope to give justice to the subject, and after the talented speeches which had been made at Denholm at the celebration there, it is unnecessary for me to take up the time of the present meeting by a long address. They had simply met for the purpose of expressing their deep-rooted feelings of love and admiration for the memory of their eminent and illustrious countryman, Dr John Leyden, who was well worthy of all the enthusiasm that had been displayed on the occasion referred to, and which had made the scenes of his infancy ring with his praise. Like our national bard, he was born of poor parents, and raised himself by the power of his own transcendent genius to a position in which he has been the wonder and admiration of all ; and though poor, he had an independent spirit, and never asked a favour from any one, knowing that he had within himself the credentials to fame and immortality. He possessed a mighty intellect, a lofty and sublime genius, which were richly adorned with heavenly virtues, and polished into dazzling brightness with learning, and whose aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge was almost unbounded ; and who used those extraordinary talents for such pure and elevating purposes that our esteem and admiration of Leyden rises with a knowledge of his works. There we find him to be one of the greatest linguists the world has ever seen, and also a great poet, and one of whom every Borderer ought to feel grateful and proud. Although it has produced others who were distinguished in literature, science, art, and action, yet there are few so much associated with the Borders or have done it so much honour as Leyden, who was a contemporary and one of the literary friends of Sir Walter Scott, and one who assisted him to snatch, as from the very brink of oblivion, many of those old Border ballads which are embalmed in the

“Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.” With what ardour has he portrayed the heroism of those Borderers who have fought for the freedom of their country in so many furious and deadly conflicts. Here is a passage so stirring that we almost imagine we hear the clash of their deadly broadswords:—

“Lords of the Border ! where their pennons flew,
Mere mortal might could ne’er their arms subdue ;
Their sword, the scythe of ruin, mowed a host,
Nor death a triumph o’er the line could boast.”

And what a glorious character he here gives to Hawick, a town whose sons still possess the spirit of Border chivalry:—

“Boast ! Hawick, boast ! thy structures rear’d in blood
Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood ;
Still doomed to prosper, since on Flodden’s field
Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield.”

But the Borderers distinguished themselves wherever they were engaged. For instance, the men of Jedburgh have taken banners at the battles of Bannockburn and Killiecrankie, and they also went out to the battle of the Reidswire, and turned its tide in favour of their country. It was there where their well-known slogan of “Jethart’s here” made the Carter Fell to ring. Hawick and Selkirk have likewise banners taken by their ancestors from fields of battle. Such courageous exploits and achievements show that Leyden’s national patriotism has not raised him above his subject, for their valour was not only felt but praised by their enemy, and Earl Surrey, in a letter to King Henry VIII., said “they were the boldest and hottest he had met in any nation.” The Borderers are not only indebted to Leyden for his glowing, patriotic, and inspiring strains, but also for his vivid description of our picturesque and wild romantic scenery. How the mind rises as we follow his lofty and original descriptions of the stern features of those grim veteran hills. Here are a few lines taken from a description of one of them:—

“Dark Ruberslaw ! that lifts his head sublime,
Rugged and hoary with the wrecks of time,
On his broad misty front the giant wears
The horrid furrows of ten thousand years.”

With what zeal and elegance he has sung of his native stream ; there is none but a true poet could have portrayed the beauties and charms of the landscape in such an exquisite manner as this :—

“ My native stream, my native vale,
And you, green meads of Teviotdale,
That after absence long I view !
Your bleakest scenes that rise around
Assume the tints of fairy ground,
And infancy revive anew.”

And again :—

“ The shadows of my native grove,
And wavy streaks of light I love,
When brightest glows the eye of day,
And sheltered from the noon-tide beam,
I pensive muse beside the stream,
Or by the pebbled channel stray.”

Here he has also given us a description of the churchyard of Hazeldean, a place which is now entirely swept away with the ceaseless streams of the Teviot. What a depth of pathos is here !—

“ By fancy rapt, where tombs are crusted gray,
I seem by moon-illuminated graves to stray,
Where, 'mid the flat and nettle-skirted stones,
My steps remove the yellow crumbling bones.
The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
Looks sad and silent o'er yon western hill ;

While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Reared on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream ?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away.”

And how sweetly he has sung of the Jed and the influence of its picturesque and beautiful scenery on the author of the “ Seasons ” :—

"O softly, Jed ! thy sylvan current lead
Round every hazel copse and smiling mead,
Where lines of firs the glowing landscape screen,
And crown the heights with tufts of deeper green.

To thee, fair Jed ! a holier wreath is due,
Who gav'st thy Thomson all thy scenes to view,
Bad'st forms of beauty on his vision roll,
And mould to harmony his ductile soul ;
Till fancy's pictures rose, as Nature bright,
And his warm bosom glow'd with heavenly light."

To those who are acquainted with the life and works of Leyden, and look round upon the scenes he loved and sang, how expressive is this tribute, paid to his memory by Sir Walter Scott:—

"Scenes sung by him who sings no more ;
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains."

Our hearts bleed when we contemplate his premature death : like unto the flower nipped in its blossom, or the sun eclipsed when it had newly risen to meridian splendour, Leyden died in the prime of youth and in the full vigour of manhood. But though his ashes sleep on a foreign shore, the blaze of his genius time will never extinguish, but will forever shine in all its resplendent glory, lightening up the hills and dales, woods and glens, and gilding the classic streams of our dear Border-land ; and so long as dark Ruberslaw rears its hoary and rugged cliffs in their wild majestic grandeur among the misty clouds, or as long as Teviot winds its serpentine course down the bosom of its sylvan banks and daisied haughs, or the thistle and the broom wave on the bonnie hills of Scotland, or men love to look back on the scenes of their infancy, the memory of Dr Leyden will live and be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND :

An Address delivered at the Burns Anniversary in 1875.

The subject on which I have been called upon to make a few remarks is the Songs of Scotland—a subject which is much in keeping with the present meeting, when convened to celebrate the natal day of the greatest song-writer the world has ever produced. For as Homer stands unrivalled as an epic poet, Shakespeare as a dramatic poet, so Burns stands unrivalled as a lyric poet. And if we have reason to be proud and to congratulate ourselves on the pre-eminence of our national minstrel, we have also reason to be proud and congratulate ourselves on the pre-eminence of our national minstrelsy, for no country can vie with Scotland for songs, and their universality and universal appreciation are a strong proof of their intrinsic worth, and speak to their praise with an eloquence far more expressive than any words of mine; for I have neither the time nor the ability to do justice to such a voluminous and all-embracing subject as the Songs of Scotland. They have not only the power of enrapturing and entrancing the soul by wafting it away into the gorgeous realm of imagery, but they breathe a strong national feeling, and have a great influence in forming Scottish character, and also in keeping up our nationality, for the manners, customs, and glorious traditions of auld Scotland are embodied and embalmed in her legendary ballads and songs, many of which are of such antiquity that, I am sorry to say, the names of their authors are lost in oblivion; and it is also to be regretted that many of our ancient Scottish poets—Thomson, Drummond of Hawthornden, Stirling, and others—though Scotchmen by birth, were English in their compositions, so that the first era in Scottish song begins with Allan Ramsay, an eminent Scottish poet, and the author of “The Gentle Shepherd,” a Scottish pastoral comedy of great excellence, and on which his fame chiefly rests. Yet he has written

many beautiful Scottish songs, amongst which we have "The Lass of Branhholm," "The Flower of Yarrow," "Lochaber no more," and "The Lass o' Patie's Mill." Here is a passage from the last-mentioned, which is a sweet little ditty :—

"The lass o' Patie's Mill,
Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay;
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When teddin' out the hay,
Bareheaded, on the green,
Love 'mid her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een."

About the same time William Hamilton of Bangour wrote that plaintive song, "The Braes of Yarrow," while D. Mallet wrote the "Birks of Invermay." But the most distinguished of all Ramsay's contemporaries was James Thomson, who was born at Ednam, and got his education in Jedburgh, and who sang "The Seasons" in all their varied forms, and in a manner equal to the beauty, the grandeur, the richness, and the sublimity of his subject; for Thomson was one of the best descriptive poets that ever struck the lyre, and when we read his graphic descriptions of the seasons, or when we read our Scottish songs, in which nature is so vividly portrayed, or when we look round with wonder and admiration on the glorious works of creation, let us be in the same spirit as his hymn on the seasons, and say :—

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee."

But his songs—"Rule Britannia," "Ever, fortune, wilt thou prove," "Tell me, thou soul of her I love"—are equally pure and elevating. But the Borders have produced many a sweet singer and songster. It was Sir Gilbert Elliot—"Gibby wi' the gouden garters"—third baronet of Minto, and great-grandfather to the present Earl and Admiral Elliot, who wrote an ode on the death of Colonel Gardiner, and also a beautiful pastoral song :—

"My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep crook"—

which was a long time very popular, and if there be a reason for it not being popular now the fault does not lie with the song, for it still retains its beauty. It was Sir Gilbert's sister, Miss Jean Elliot, who wrote the first version of "The Flowers of the Forest," beginning :—

"I've heard them liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Lasses a' liltin' before the dawn of day ;
But now they are moanin' on ilka green loanin' ;
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

This, like many other of our Scottish songs, is worthy of admiration, both for its beautiful and original ideas and the richness of the language in which the ideas are clothed. Although there are some who scoff at our Scottish language, and speak of it as vulgar, such is not true. Nor was it the opinion of Lord Brougham, who spoke of it as the pure and classic language of Scotland. It is most expressive, and well adapted either for prose or verse. In proof of this, those who have written in the Scottish language occupy some of the highest niches in the temple of Fame, and the beautiful manner in which it blends with the music may be seen from our Scottish songs, in which we have the very essence of poetry. Though written in the Scottish language, they are the productions of many of the most accomplished and refined minds of both sexes. It was Lady Anna Lindsay who wrote that deeply pathetic song, "Auld Robin Gray," and Lady Nairne who wrote "The Land o' the Leal," "The Auld Hoose," and many other exquisite lyrics. We have "There's nae luck about the Hoose," by Miss Adams ; "Coming Through the Craigs o' Kyle," by Jane Clover. It was Alison Rutherford, daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fernilee, the scion of an old Border house, Rutherford of Hundalee, on the Jed, who wrote the second version of "The Flowers of the Forest," beginning, "I have seen the smiling of fortune beguiling." These are a few of many Scottish authoresses who have enriched and embellished the lyric poetry of Scotland. Some, with one song, I may say with one gleam of genius, have rendered themselves immortal, which is the reward of every poetess or poet who is gifted with real poetic genius, and keeps true to nature.

Such were the merits of Robert Ferguson, and such his reward, according to Burns. He sings of him as "Ferguson, that writer chield of deathless name." Burns was such an ardent admirer of Ferguson that he put up a stone to his memory at his own expense, and wrote for it this epitaph:—

"No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay,
Nor storied urn, nor animated bust ;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

Scotland has reason to pour her sorrows over the dust of Ferguson, for he was one of her brightest geniuses. He died at the early age of 24. As a song-writer, I only know of "The Lea Rig" and "Hallow Fair," but as a Scottish poet he is of a very high order, and has left a memory worthy of being cherished in the hearts of his countrymen. We have Robert Crawford, who wrote "Tweedside" and "Doon the burn, Davie, lad." But the most illustrious and celebrated of all our Scottish poets or song-writers was Robert Burns, "the poet of nature and of the heart," the effulgence of whose transcendent genius has outshone all his predecessors, and has thrown a halo around many of the hills and dales, woods and glens, crystal streams, and other famous scenes of dear auld Scotland, for he was gifted with all the elements of a poet. He possessed force, originality, and versatility of genius, a strong creative imagination, a bright conception, a strong glowing passion, an ardent patriotism, a rich vein of humour, and unbounded sensibility and sympathy, together with copiousness and elegance of diction. These and many other noble qualities enabled him to sing his country's praise in songs unparalleled for patriotism, independence, beauty, and pathos, and in which we have such lucid delineations of Scottish character and scenery. Here, in his "Bruce's Address," we have the most glowing and heart-stirring patriotism:—

"Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw ;
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Caledonia, on wi' me !"

His "Highland Mary," as a love song, is inimitable. What poetry is this :—

"How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath the fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as life and light
 Was my sweet Highland Mary."

Here is another passage equally expressive : —

"Had we never loved so kindly,
 Had we never loved so blindly,
 Never met—or never parted—
 Then we'd ne'er been broken-hearted !"

We have "A' the airts the wind can blaw," "Afton Water," "My Nannie, O !" "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," "John Anderson, my Jo," "Auld Lang Syne," and many others, which it is unnecessary to quote or name, for the songs of Burns are not only known and admired by all present, but are known throughout the whole civilised world, and are admired by all who can appreciate true poetry and noble sentiment. As for that class called Burns's detractors, of whom we hear so much, they are wrong named, for none can detract from Burns. They might as well hold up a spider's web to mar the meridian blaze of the sun as attempt to detract from the fame of Burns, who is enshrined and cherished in the very soul of Scotland. There is another who has also gained the esteem and admiration of every lover of Scottish song, Robert Tannahill, a sweet and melodious warbler, whose strains are as pure as the streams which he loved and sang, and as cheery as the mavis that sings "among the birks o' Stanley Shaw," who depicts Nature in his songs as clearly as we see the over-hanging rocks and trees mirrored in the bosom of the glassy lake or transparent river. What a beautiful glimpse of a burnie we have in his "Gloomy Winter" :—

“Round the sylvan fairy nooks
Feathery brackens fringe the rocks,
‘Neath the brae the burnie jooks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O !”

What humanity and tenderness are expressed in his “Bonnie Woods o’ Craigielee” :—

“Awa’, ye thoughtless, murd’ring gang,
That tear the nestlings ere they flee ;
They’ll sing ye yet a canty sang,
Then, oh, in pity, let them be.”

Then we have “Louden’s bonnie woods and braes,” “Jessie the Flower o’ Dunblane,” “The Braes o’ Gleniffer,” and many other popular songs, too numerous to quote. Suffice it to say, they have gained for their author a memory as durable as the “lofty Benlomond” itself. Then we have Hector M’Neill, the author of “My Boy, Tammy,” “Saw ye my wee thing ?” “Come under my plaidie,” all masterpieces of their kind. Hogg was also a Scottish song-writer of no mean order. In support of this I need only cite his two beautiful songs, “Flora Macdonald’s Lament” and “When the kye comes hame.” Had he never written another line, they were sufficient to have handed his name down to latest posterity. We have many excellent humorous Scottish songs, such as “Allister M’Allister,” “Sic a wife as Willie had,” and “Jenny dang the Weaver,” all of which are fair specimens. Scotland can also claim one of the best of English song-writers—Campbell, the author of “The Pleasures of Hope”—who has written some of the best lyrics in that language. One of the greatest literary men this or any other country has ever produced is the immortal Sir Walter Scott. Though Scott’s fame as a poet is not equal to his fame as a novelist, he has written a deal of genuine poetry, and intensely patriotic, which may be seen from his songs—“The Pibroch of Donald Dhu,” “The Macgregor’s Gathering,” and “Hail to the Chief.” His metrical romances are even more stirring. Here is a passage from “Marmion”—

“O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight,
And cry, ‘St Andrew, and our right!’
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate’s dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn.”

When we read such poetry it makes one believe the prayer which Burns thus offers up in his “Cottar’s Saturday Night” had been heard and answered:—

“The patriot’s God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
O never, never Scotia’s realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!”

Scotland has still her patriot and her patriot’s bard, and who are no doubt inspired like those of old by the courageous exploits and glorious achievements of her ancient warriors. To think on the fierce and stern Caledonians who made the Roman legions recoil; to think on the heroic valour and undaunted courage of the Wallace and the Bruce, under whose mighty arms freedom found shields of adamant; to think on the glorious victories of Stirling Brig and Bannockburn; on our Border chivalry, and the martial renown won by the noble families of Douglas, Ker, Scott, Hume, Elliot, and others by their heroism and Spartan bravery in the defence of their country: it is such thoughts that fan the fire of patriotism which burns inherent in every Scottish breast, and blazes out in the songs of her minstrels in such strains as these in Henry Scott Riddell’s “Scotland Yet”—

“The thistle wags upon the fields
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave his foeman’s dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid.
And looking to the lifts, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee,
Auld Scotland’s right, and Scotland’s might,
And Scotland’s hills for me;
I’ll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi’ a’ the honours three.”

We have "Our Heather Hills," by John Ballantyne; three separate "Scottish Emigrants," one by Pringle, another by Gilfillan, and a third by A. Hume; and that universal favourite, "Lucy's Flittin'," by William Laidlaw; "Ilka Blade o' Grass," by James Ballantine, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, living Scottish poet; "Jessie o' the Dell" and "Meet me on the gowan lea," by Cameron; and many other excellent song-writers and gems of song too numerous to name. My subject is inexhaustible. Every town, village, and hamlet in Scotland, and many a baron's hall and peasant's cottage, have their poet or poetess, so that every feature of our country has been sung. Her glassy lochs; her wild roaring torrents; her dashing, foaming cataracts; her winding rivers, sparkling fountains, and wimpling burns are all rendered classic; her lofty mountains, that rear their gigantic forms in all their wild majestic grandeur among their misty clouds; her grey rugged crags and towering cliffs; her purple heather hills; her deep ferny glens; her sylvan banks, flowery braes, and picturesque valleys are all consecrated to the Muse. The bonnie green thistle, "the blue bells of Scotland," "the bush aboon Traquair," "the birks of Aberfeldy," "the broom of the Cowdenknowes," "the milkwhite hawthorn," "the brier bush in our kailyard"—the primrose, crawflower, and gowan—the spinning-wheel—the tartans that wave on the mountain side—her Highland bonnets—the pibroch that sounds in her mountains and glens—the broad claymore that shivered the chains of slavery—her venerable abbeys and ruined castles and towers—the celestial charms and captivating wiles of our bonnie Scotch lasses—the courage, valour, and patriotism of her hardy sons are all celebrated, immortalised, and enshrined in the songs of Scotland. Had time permitted, I would have drawn a parallel betwixt our Scottish songs and the foreign, shallow trash we are compelled to listen to at the present day; but it is unnecessary, for their life is as transient as the blaze of a meteor, while our Scottish songs are like those fixed stars which will continue to shine as long as music charms the ear, love glows in the human breast, pathos melts the heart, or patriotism fires the soul.

REMAINS OF THE ROMAN STATION AT CAPPUCK, ROXBURGHSHIRE.*

HAVING been requested by our indefatigable secretary, Dr Hardy, to give to the Club an account of the discovery and excavations of the Roman Station at Cappuck, Oxnam, it gives me much pleasure to do so.

As I personally superintended the excavations, and saw everything that has been found, I can assure the members of the Club that this is a very interesting discovery. The first discovery of antiquarian remains was made in the autumn of 1885; the relics, however, lay exposed to the weather until the middle of November. Having then accidentally heard that something of interest had been found, I visited the place at once, and was pleased to find large portions of two domestic Roman vessels—one of them an “Amphora,” composed of light brown clay, an inch thick; and which, when entire, had been at least two feet in diameter. The pieces of a massive handle also show it to have been of large size. There is so much of a vessel that, when put together, it is almost complete. This vessel has been about five inches high, six inches in diameter at the top, and four inches at the bottom. It is of a hard baked clay, of dark drab colour, and ornamented with the “diamond” ornament. Many other fragments with the same ornamentation have since been obtained. There were also found in the same field both the upper and under grinding stones of one mill, and large portions of others, which, according to Dr. Bruce, are formed of a volcanic stone, which has been brought from Andernach, on the Rhine. It is hard and porous, and when struck rings like cast metal.

Having secured everything for the Marquis of Lothian—the proprietor of the land—I asked the farm steward to show me the place where the relics were found. He took me to the field north of Cappuck farm house, near which the

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Roman road crosses the Oxnam. Here he pointed out two holes out of which he had taken stones last spring ; and it was while doing so that he came upon the relics. He said it was necessary to remove the stones, as they were so near the surface, and that he purposed taking more out during the winter. I told him that, by the appearance of the ground, I thought it was an old fort, and requested him not to break up the ground in any way, as it would be necessary to inform the Marquis of Lothian of the discovery, which I lost no time in doing. His Lordship, on hearing of this discovery, gave me instructions to have the ground excavated. This work has, so far as it has been carried out, proved to be of great interest.

Besides the finding of many relics, to which I mean hereafter to refer, the foundations of different buildings have been laid bare. Judging by what we have now excavated, the station appears to have been of considerable size ; and there has also been uncovered a large space of causeway of whinstone, the same as found on the Roman Road close by.

From the appearance of the foundation of what has been one of the largest of the buildings (which stood east and west) it does not seem to have borne much resemblance to what we usually suppose a Roman station or fort to have been. The projecting bases evidently supported a row of pilasters against the wall of the building, which would form a sort of false colonnade. The full dimensions of this building are 60 ft. 10 in. by 21 ft. 10 in., and the projecting bases are at an average distance of 5 ft., and measure 2 ft. in breadth, standing 2 ft. out from the wall—the wall itself being 3 ft. thick. Dr Bruce, in his “*Wallet Book*” of the Roman Wall (page 182), referring to a perfect specimen of Roman building, says :—“It is supported by eight buttresses. In the middle of the space between each buttress is a long slit or loop hole.” At Cappuck there are what appear to be the bases of seven buttresses on the south side, and five on the north side—part of the latter having disappeared ; also part of the end bases of the buttresses.

We also came upon a wall, 18 ft. 8 in. by 18 ft. 2½ in.,



From Photo by

R. Jack, Jedburgh.

PORTION OF LEGIONARY TABLET OF THE TWENTIETH LEGION,
FOUND AT CAPPUCK.

lying farther to the south ; and a little nearer to the river bank, probably the foundations of another building, 15 ft. 8 in. by 15 ft. We came upon other walls, 63 ft. being the longest. In two of these walls we found the diamond broaching as described and illustrated by Dr Bruce on page 88 of his "Wallet Book" of the Roman Wall.

There were many interesting relics found during the course of our excavations, the most important of these being a sculptured stone, on which is carved a wild boar—the badge of the Twentieth Legion.

It is thus described by Dr Bruce :—"The stone of which you have sent me a cast found in this newly-found camp is an interesting one, and has a strong likeness to some of the stones found on the line of the Antonine Wall (Graham's Dike). On the bottom of the left side is the figure of a boar—the badge of the Twentieth Legion ; and on the flat table is part of an X. I have no doubt the inscription has been something like the following :—

LEG

XX—V. V.

FEC (it.)

[Leg. XX—Valeria-Victrix.

The Victorious Valerian 20th Legion."]

In "Roman Cheshire," by W. Thompson Watkin, page 125, we find the following reference to the Twentieth Legion :—

"Its first appearance, as far as historical notices are concerned, is that it is one of the legions which were under the control of Mark Antony. During the triumvirate, coins of the *Antonia gens* of this period are extant (and have even been found in Chester), on which its name occurs, with the abbreviation, 'Leg. XX.'

"We next hear of it in the earlier part of the reign of Augustus in Illyricum, where it has left inscriptions. It was at that time under the orders of Valerius Messalinus, for whom it won a triumph."

Again, on page 127 we have more important information concerning these legions :—

"In addition to the inscriptions which this legion has left on the Walls of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, we find others recording

either its presence or that of some of its members at Cramond (Mid-Lothian), Eildon (Roxburghshire), Middleby (Dumfriesshire), Netherby, Maryport, Moresby, and Bewcastle (in Cumberland), High Rochester (in Northumberland), Lanchester (co. Durham), Natland and Crawdendale (in Westmorland), Manchester and Ribchester (in Lancashire), Caerhun (Carnarvonshire), Hope or Caergwile (Flintshire), near Farndon (Cheshire), Wroxeter, Whittlebury (North Hants), Colchester, London, and Bath.

"At many of these places it seems to have done important work. Monuments of discharged veterans of the legion, or of members who appear to have died whilst on leave of absence during the time it was in Britain, have been found in various parts of the Roman world.

"The legion had for its distinctive badge a wild boar, which is frequently represented on the inscriptions it has erected.

"When the station at Chester became a walled one, it appears that the builders of the walls were the soldiers of the Twentieth Legion, aided probably by some of the foreign auxiliaries attached to the corps, though no inscriptions of the latter have been discovered. Before referring to the legion generally, it will be advisable to describe the memorials of its building operations which it has left at Deva. The first of these are the tiles bearing its name and titles, of which an immense number have been found, including several varieties.

"Randle Holme, in his work, 'A Storehouse of Armoury' (published first in 1688), says :—

"And also, not many years since (even in my time), upon opening the ground of a Back side in the Bridge Street in Chester, a vault was discovered from whence was digged up certaine goodly Tile stones, having on them this inscription in full words :—

"LEGIO . VIGESIMA—VICTRIX."

Others more short, thus :—

"LEG. XX. V. V. and LEG. XXV. V."

"No other instance has been recorded of the name of the legion occurring *in extenso* in words upon tiles. At same time, from the absence of the word *Valeria*, these titles would probably be of an earlier date than the others, which bear the usual formula, the expansion of which is Legio XX. Valeria Victrix; or, as some antiquaries would prefer, Legionis XX. Valeriae Victricis, using the genitive. Either reading will suffice, the meaning being that the tiles were made by 'The Twentieth Legion, the Valerian, the Victorious.' It should be borne in mind that Chester, Manchester, Caerhun, and Ribchester were all more or less erected by the Twentieth Legion, as tile stamps and inscriptions prove. Having thus shown the part the Twentieth Legion bore in the erection of the castrum, a slight sketch of this celebrated corps may not be out of place. Its first appearance, as far as historical notices are concerned, is that it was one of the Legions which were under the control of Mark Antony during the triumvirate. Coins of the

Antonia gens of this period are extant (and have even been found in Chester), on which its name occurs with the abbreviation, 'Leg. XX.' We next hear of it in the earlier part of the reign of Augustus in Illyricum, where it has left inscriptions. It was at that time under the orders of Valerius Messalinus, for whom it won a triumph. After the annihilation of the army (three legions) of Quintilius Varus in the forests and marshes of Central Germany, it was sent, with seven other legions under Germanicus, to the Rhine to avenge the disaster; and we find inscriptions by it near Bonn and Cologne. After the death of the Emperor Augustus, and whilst still on the Rhine, this legion, together with the First and others, mutinied; but the mutiny being for a time repressed, it was sent by the Legate, Caccina, to winter in the territories of Ubii, in the same neighbourhood, where both it and the First Legion again broke out in mutiny, which, owing to the eloquence of Germanicus, and the execution of the ringleaders, was not, however, of long duration.

"For some time afterwards, during the campaigns of Germanicus on the Rhine, it saw a considerable amount of hard service, forming, through the greater portion of the period, a powerful and celebrated rearguard; on more than one occasion having to restore victory to the disordered ranks of the army. Little or nothing else is known of it until the year A.D. 43, when it formed one of the four legions sent over to Britain for the conquest and permanent occupation of the country. At the time of the overthrow of Vitellius, and before Vespasian had reached Rome, the governor of that city appointed the celebrated Agricola to command this legion, which, according to Tacitus, had been unmanageable and formidable even to commanders of consular dignity, and their late commander (Roscius Caelius), of praetorian rank, had not sufficient authority to keep them in obedience. The legion was at first unwilling to own allegiance to Vespasian, but, by the tact of Agricola, eventually did so. Agricola appears to have been in Britain in command of it for about two years, A.D. 69-71; and when, some seven years afterwards, he was appointed Imperial Legate, the Twentieth, with the other legions in Britain, accompanied him in his expedition to Scotland.

"In Hadrian's reign this legion, with the Second and Sixth, built the celebrated wall between the Tyne and the Solway. When it returned to the south, on the completion of the wall, is not at present known; but in the reign of the next emperor, Antoninus Pius, it was again engaged, with the Second and Sixth Legions, in building the still more northern wall between Forth and Clyde, on which it has left numerous inscriptions. This was about A.D. 140-144.

"It probably did not leave Scotland for eight or nine years afterwards, making a short stay on the Northumbrian Wall whilst *en route* to the south. This I gather from the fact that at Birdoswald, on the last-named wall, an altar to the British god, Cocidius, erected, as its inscription tells us, 'by the soldiers of the Twentieth Legion,' and dated

about A.D. 153, has been found; whilst two others, 'by the soldiers of the Second Legion,' and by 'a vexillation of the Sixth Legion,' were with it. In the next year, whether the legion was at Deva or not, an altar was erected there, by one of its officers, to Jupiter Sanarus. When Severus and Caracalla visited Chester in A.D. 207 or 208 it was most certainly at that castrum, as the altar erected by Flavius Longus proves; and either the whole legion, or some part of it, went with these emperors to the Caledonian campaign. A vexillation of it stopped in the north for some years, with a vexillation of the Second Legion, and they are both commemorated in an inscription of the reign of Elagabalus found at Netherby, dated between A.D. 219 and 222. This appears so far to be the latest dated inscription which has come to light concerning this legion.

"After this its history can only be imagined; that it remained at Deva until nearly the close of the Roman domination seems certain; but, as already said, it had left Britain when the *Novitia* was compiled, circa A.D. 400.

"We know, from the poet Claudian, that one of the three legions which had been stationed in Britain for several centuries had been withdrawn before the battle of Pollentia. This event took place at the end of March, A.D. 403; and as the Second and Sixth Legions are named in the *Novitia* as being at Richborough and York respectively, whilst there is no mention of the Twentieth, the inference is that the latter was the British legion which took part in the victory of Stilicho over Alaric.

"Like the other legions, the strength of the Twentieth was 6000 men, with an equal force of auxiliaries attached to it.

"When the legion was in garrison at Deva, and not on active service, the auxiliaries would be distributed in the neighbouring stations—*e.g.*, the 1st cohort of the Frisians at Manchester, the 1st cohort of the Sunuci at Caernarvon, the 1st cohort of the Nervii at Caer Gai, etc."

From the carved stone found at Cappuck, it is clear that the station now discovered was formed by the Twentieth Legion.

There were two coins found, which are also of great interest.

1. The smaller coin is a Denarius of Domitian, struck A.D. 83:—

Obverse—"IMP. CAES. DOMITIANVS AVG. P.M."

[Portrait to right.]

Reverse—"TR. POT. II. COS. VIII. DES. X. P.P."

[Pallas standing to right with shield and spear—she stands on the prow of a ship—in front of her is an owl.]

2. First Brass of Trojan (larger coin) :—

Obverse—"IMP. CAES. NER. TRAJANO OPTIMO
AVG. GER. DAC. PARTHICO P.M. TR. P.
COS. VI. P.P.

[Imperatori Caesari Nervæ Trajano Optimo Augusto
Germanico Dacico Parthico Pontifici Maximo
Tribunitia Potestate Consuli Sexto Patri Patriæ."

Portrait of Emperor to right.]

Reverse—"PROVIDENTIA AVGVSTI S.P.Q.R. S.C."

[Providence standing to left holding a sceptre supported
on a column. Her right hand points to a globe at her
feet signifying the earth.

Struck A.D. 116.]

We also found some fragments of shields, a bronze bracelet, a bronze brooch without the pin, two blue melon-shaped beads (large size), and many pieces of glass, also a small piece of bronze which has formed part of an ornament, and eight or ten spear heads (one had the wood in the handle), boss for harness, horse bit, large quantity of iron, &c.

We found as many pieces of a Mortarium which, when put together, formed nearly the half of the whole vessel. It was studded in the inside with small pebbles. We attach here a description of two of these "Mortaria" from Chaffers' "Pottery."

There is a description of one which is no doubt of native manufacture, but scarce, and seldom found entire. It is of a light brown or ash coloured clay, with *crinkled* ornament in relief round the edges. His fig. 15, p. 30, shows the usual form of this singular kind of pottery. The pattern is made with a tool.

Some bits of this sort were got at Cappuck.

At page 34 Chaffers says :—

"Among the culinary utensils used by the Romans was a broad shallow vessel termed a *Mortarium*. It had on the bottom of the interior sharp angular pebbles embedded in the ware, for the purpose of triturating vegetable substances or bruising them with liquids—being provided with a spout to pour off the mixture when rubbed to the re-

quired consistency. It had a broad brim, which turned over outwards about half-way, apparently for the purpose of concentrating the heat round the vessel when placed upon the fire. On this rim is generally found the name of the potter. These Mortaria are exceedingly numerous in England. They vary in size from 7 inches to nearly 2 feet in diameter, and are about 5 inches deep. Most of them give evidence of great wear, having generally a hole rubbed through the bottom." (This is figured at page 34 of Chaffer's book).

We found embedded near the outhouse building large tiles, which, although much broken, when put together we were able to measure, and found them to be 14 inches by 14 inches, and 2 inches thick. Besides many other articles, we have got a large quantity of fragments of domestic Roman pottery, similar to that found at Cilurnum, showing a great variety of form, colour, and material. The most chaste and beautiful of these fragments are portions of red Samian ware, both embossed and plain.

We found nearly half of a vessel similar to one a portion of which is seen in the Edinburgh Industrial Museum. It is very richly embossed. Dr Bruce, in his work already quoted, says—"This kind of pottery has never been reproduced since the Roman days."

He gives a beautiful specimen on page 235 of his "Wallet Book." All the fragments found have been given to the Marquis of Lothian, who is getting them put together. I have no doubt that the members of the Club shall have an opportunity of seeing them when all properly arranged, and when, perhaps, more may be added, as I understand the excavations are to be resumed.

Wishing to know if any other articles had been found in the field, I went to an old farm servant who had been 40 years at Cappuck. He told me that every time that part of the field was ploughed there were large quantities of stones turned up, which were used in building sheds at the farm steading. But the purpose they were mostly used for was hutching the water. He remembered two querns being found, which were used for this same purpose.

These discoveries are convincing proofs that the place of our excavations was once the site of a Roman station. The

place is also in close proximity to the Roman road, being only 56 yards from it, 65 yards from the bed of the river, 16 yards from the river bank, and 63 yards from the main road.

The building has been cleared out to the depth of two courses of masonry, which is of freestone, and must have been brought from a distance, as no stone of this kind is to be found in the vicinity.

At the two last meetings of the Club in Jedburgh I gave a report of the excavations as far as we had then gone, but this paper gives a full report up to the present time.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS AND INTERESTING INSCRIPTIONS IN JEDBURGH AND ITS VICINITY.

Contributed to the "Transactions of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, 1885."

WHILE every spot of the Borders is invested with interest, there is no place more so than Jedburgh and its vicinity, both on account of its picturesque and beautiful scenery, and also for its historical associations—the town being of great antiquity. “Jedburgh is the final form of a name of which eighty-two variations have been collected. Ecgred, bishop of Lindisfarne, 830-838, gifted that see with the village and lands of Geddwrd.” Towards the end of the eleventh century the village became a burgh, and in 1124-53 a royal residence, the town receiving a charter from Robert I. As might be expected from this ancient origin and honourable distinction, there are many objects to engage attention in Jedburgh.

Several of these I should have liked to have mentioned, but the subject of this paper, suggested to me by a distinguished member of the Club, was “The Armorial Bearings at Fernieherst Castle.” Although I intend to refer to other arms and inscriptions, I agreed to make this form a part, and I trust the subject will prove not uninteresting, as the ancient and noble family of Kerr has filled such an influential place in our stirring Border history, and has had close relations with Jedburgh for upwards of five hundred years.

The Armorial Bearings at Fernieherst are much obliterated. I know it is not for want of appreciation of them that they are in their present state. They have been long covered with ivy, which is much in keeping with old castles. It is only since the ivy was destroyed by a severe frost in a recent winter that the two above the main door to the tower have been seen. After examining these carefully, I found one of them to be the armorial bearings of Sir Andrew Kerr, and the other those of his wife, Dame Ann Stewart, dated 1598. Sir



From Photo by ARMS OF AINSLIE OF BLACKHILL. R. Jack, Jedburgh.

Andrew Kerr was the first Lord Jedburgh, baron of Fernieherst, and one of the Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council—his arms, a chevron charged with three mullets of the field; crest, a buck's head crossed; supporters, two savages; motto, "FORWARD IN YE NAME OF GOD," above the crest; beneath the shield is the motto, "SOLI DEO." This latter motto is only to be found on these armorial bearings on Fernieherst Castle, and has since been dropped by the family. The armorial bearings of Sir Andrew's wife, who was the daughter of Lord Stewart of Ochiltree, are—a lion rampant; a saltier between four roses; crest, an unicorn's head; supporters, two dragons; motto, "FORWARD." "SOLI DEO" is also on her armorial bearings at Fernieherst. Above the arch, which is close to the tower of the old castle, are the arms of Andrew Lord Jedburgh; on the shield is the chevron charged with three mullets of the field, and above the shield is the coronet, and also the initials "A L J." No date is inscribed; but there can be no doubt that the arms referred to must have been placed above the arch after Sir Andrew Kerr was created Lord Jedburgh, 2d Feb., 1622. There is on the old chapel close by a shield with a chevron and three mullets of the field, above which are the initials "A S K," which stand for Sir Andrew Kerr; also "A D S," the initials of his wife, Dame Ann Stewart; and there can be little doubt that the present old castle and chapel were built by them, with the exception of the modern additions to the castle, to adapt it as a residence. Fernieherst Castle being so near the Borders, and its possessors being in succession Lords Warden of the Marches of Scotland at a time when the two countries were the hated enemies of each other, it was the scene of many a deadly conflict, having been taken and re-taken, destroyed and re-built many times.

"The first house at Fernieherst was built by Thomas Ker eighth in descent from Ralph Ker of Kershaugh, 1330-1350. He built a house in Jedburgh Forest in 1490, which he called Fernieherst, and by that title it was designated in the 'Parliamentary Records.'"

Thomas married Catherine, daughter of Robert Colville of

Ochiltree, heiress of Oxnam. He died in 1499, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Andrew Kerr of Fernieherst, Lord Warden of the Marches of Scotland, who acquired Oxnam through his mother. He was well known as "Dand" Kerr of Fernieherst. He was a courageous warrior, and bravely defended his Castle in 1523, when Earl Surrey, with ten thousand men, stormed and took Jedburgh—burning the town and laying the Abbey in ruins.

In Earl Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., after giving an account of the storming of Jedburgh, he goes on to say—"The next daye I sente my seid Lorde Dacre to a stronghold, called Fernherst, the Lorde whereof was his mortal enemy; and with hym, Sir Arthur Darcy, Sir Marmaduke Constable, with viii. c. of their men, one cortoute, and dyvers other good peces of ordynance for the feld (the seid Fernherste stode marvelous strongly, within a great woode): the seid twoo knights with the moost parte of their men, and Strickland, your grace servaunte, with my Kendall men, went into the woode on fote, with th' ordynance, where the said Kendall men were soo handled, that they found hardy men, that went noo foote back for theym; the other two knightes were alsoo soo sharply assayled, that they were enforced to call for moo of their men: and yet could not bring the ordynance to the forteresse, unto the tyme my Lord Dacre, with part of his horsemen, lighted on fote, and marvelously hardly handled himself, and fynally, with long skyrmyshing, and mache difficultie, got forthe th' ordynance within the howse and threwe down the same." In the same letter he goes on to say—"I assure yoor grace I found the Scottes at this tyme the boldest men, and the hotest, that ever I saw any nation, and all the journey, upon all parts of th' army, kept us with soo contynuall skyrmyshe, that I never sawe the like." Although their valour was both felt and praised by the enemy, the redoubted "Dand" Kerr was taken prisoner, and his castle laid in ruins. "He was probably soon ransomed or rescued, as he honourably distinguished himself at the siege of Warke, under the Duke of Albany, on the 18th of the following month." He died in 1545, and was succeeded by his son, Sir John Ker.

The damage done by the English and their hired allies from Liddesdale, who had submitted to English rule at Fernieherst, by the inroads from 9th September, 1543, to 29th June, 1544, were the following, as appears by a document in the Harleian Collection.

"Ultimo Octobris (1543). The Armstrongs with the Lyddesdaylis *per mandatum* [Thome Wharton]." "The graunge of Farnehurst, all the bouss of the onsettis with muche corne and catell of the lord of Farnehurst bront: one slayne." Sir Raff Evers' letters of the 19th of July, "Tynsdail and Ryddesdale, with Mr Clifforth and his garryson, etc.,

have burned a towne called Bedrowll with 15 or 16 other stedes where they have gotten 300 nolte, 600 shepe, with verye much insight, and in theyr cumming home fought with the Lord Farnyhurst and his companye and toke him and his sonne John Carr prysoners, and brought away 300 nolte, 600 shepe, and much insight geare with 3 basses which the Lord Farnihurst brought to the field with him." (Armstrong's Hist. of Liddesdale, App. pp. lvii., lxiv.)

In 1549 Fernieherst had been rebuilt, and again taken and garrisoned by the English, which they had held for three or four months, when Fernieherst, with the assistance of a "body of Frenchmen under the command of Monsier Dessé," along with the Borderers, assaulted the fortress. In less than an hour, but not without hard fighting, a breach in the wall was made, through which the captain of the English came and offered to give up the place upon assurance that their lives should be saved. He, however, had to surrender unconditionally; and as the English had committed many atrocities while they held the castle, the Borderers, thirsting for vengeance, exercised many barbarities and great cruelty in retaliation. With the exception of the breach in the wall, the castle did not suffer much at that time. Ten years afterwards Sir Thomas Ker succeeded his father, and was Lord Warden of the Marches of Scotland, Provost of Edinburgh and Jedburgh, and was a loyal adherent of Queen Mary. The same day on which the Regent Murray was murdered by Bothwellhaugh, Fernieherst and his brother-in-law, Buccleugh, with their clans, made a destructive inroad into England, "and spread devastation along the frontiers with unusual ferocity," which was avenged by the Earl of Sussex and Lord Hunsdon in 1570, when Fernieherst Castle was thrown in ruins. In a letter from Lord Hunsdon to Sir William Cecil, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, of date 23d April, 1570, he says—"The next day (18th) we marchyd too Hawyke; wher, by the way, we began with Farnhurst and Hunthylle, whose howsys we burnt, and all the howsys about them. We could nott blow up Farnhurst, but have so torneytt with laborars, as ytt wer as goode ley flatt. We burnt also Bedrowle, which was the first howse that Leonard Dacres took for his succor, when he fled out of Ingland; and so

burnying of eche hand of us, three or four myles we came to Hawyke. I should have wrytten how, apon Tewesday, Sir John Forster, with his wardenry and such forcys as my L. Lieut. putt too hym; entered att the hed of Kokett, and burnt doune along Oxnam water of eche hand of hym, and so mett at Gedworth, wher we wer promest too be resevyd att Hawyke." The last time Fernieherst Castle was destroyed was by Lord Ruthven, in 1571.

Sir Thomas died in 1586, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Andrew Kerr, whose armorial bearings, and also his wife's, are those on the castle and chapel of Fernieherst, to which I have referred.

He was the first Lord Jedburgh, and, as I have said, was created 2d February, 1622, and after his death in 1631 was succeeded by his brother, Sir James Kerr of Crailing, who was thus the second Lord Jedburgh. He married Mary Rutherford, heiress of Hundalee. He died in 1645, and was succeeded by his son Robert, third Lord Jedburgh, who married Christian, daughter of Sir Alexander Hamilton of Innerwick. There is a lintel in Hundalee farm house with rather an interesting monogram, which is difficult to make out; but having referred it to a good authority on monograms, he said "there was no doubt but that the initials were 'R. K. C. H.'" These stand for Robert Kerr and Christian Hamilton. On it is the date 1667. The lintel was brought from the old house, which stood a little to the south-west of the new one. When at Fernieherst a short time ago, the tenant kindly pointed out to me a stone in one of the vaults, which I found to be the armorial bearings of Robert Lord Jedburgh, on which are the three initials "R. L. J.," with the chevron charged with three mullets of the field, and also the coronet. In the wheel house at Fernieherst Mill are the same initials, with the date 1680. On one of the bells in the clock steeple of Jedburgh is the inscription, "ROBERT LORD JEDBURG, HIS GIFT TO THE KIRK OF JEDBURG, 1692.

"JOHN MEIKLL ME FECIT EDINBURGI."



From Photo, by

R. Jack, Jedburgh

ARMS OF JOHN HALL, ABBOT.

There are also on it the arms of Robert Lord Jedburgh, the same as at Fernieherst, with the addition of two supporters (which are two roe bucks) and the motto "FORWARD." Lord Jedburgh died on 4th August of the same year in which he presented the bell, and is buried with his forefathers in the north transept of the Jedburgh Abbey. As he died without issue, the title devolved on William, eldest son of Robert, fourth Earl of Lothian.

There is a stone of much interest still preserved at Ancrum House built into the front north wing. Although the house has been twice destroyed by fire—first on 2d December, 1873, and again on 21st February, 1885—the arms are most complete. On the stone are two shields, on which are the arms of Robert Kerr and his wife. The inscription is, "ROBERT KERR AND ISOBEL HOME FOUNDER AND COMPLETER ANNO 1558." Robert Kerr of Ancrum was the third son of Sir Andrew Kerr of Fernieherst. The arms above mentioned are referred to in a letter by Sir William Kerr to Sir Robert Kerr, 5th November, 1631. He writes:—"I send wt him, also the breadth and length of the stone wt the armes is over Ancrame gate, and what is carved and written on itt." Between the years 1660 and 1670 the property of Ancrum passed from the Kerrs to the Scotts. It had been in possession of the Kerr family for at least 130 years, and the title continues to be borne by the Lothian family.

Nisbet being the birthplace of Samuel Rutherford, the eminent Scottish divine, I went to the kirkyard to look for any inscription that would give me information about his family, but I found none. On the back of a stone erected to the memory of a family of Rutherfords were the words—"The ancestors of those whose names are recorded here were Tenants in Nether Nisbet, and lie interred in this place for nearly 800 years."

The arms of the Royal Burgh of Jedburgh are—"Gules on a horse saliant argent furnished azure a Chevalier armed at all points grasping in his right hand a Kynde of Launce (called the Jedburgh staff) proper,—the motto in ane Escroll, 'STRENUE ET PROSPERE,' as registered in the Lyon Office

without date." Above the arch leading to the churchyard, and facing the Market Place of Jedburgh, are the arms of Jedburgh, dated 1720. On the opposite side is the date 1764.

When taking a rubbing off the two bells for the meeting, I found the rubbing off the alarm bell rather difficult to make out, and therefore I got a cast taken. The inscription is—"CAMPAÑA : BEATE : MARGARETTE : VIRGINIS." I have already referred to the inscription on the other bell.

In the Abbey Churchyard there are a few inscriptions that may be adverted to. There is a stone on the left hand side, about halfway between the road and the rampart, on which are the words—"Sacred to the memory of James Henderson, Writer. 1839." He was married to Miss Cruickshanks, the heroine of Burns' poem, beginning—

"Beauteous rosebud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May."

Mrs Henderson was also buried there, but the inscription, with the exception of the words quoted, is completely effaced, which is much to be regretted.

Close to this is a striking inscription—"The Head Stone of Mungo Thomson, who died September 26, 1735, aged 73 years.

Here Lyes a Christian Bold & True,
An antipod to Babels Crew,
A Friend to Truth, to Vice a Terror;
A Lamp of Zeal opposing Errour,
Who Fought the Battels of the Lamb,
Of Victory now Bears the Palm."

Near the gate leading to the Abbey is another remarkable inscription, with a word of caution—"Here lies Is. Winter, Architect, and late Baillie in Jedburgh, who died 1st of September, 1790, aged 61 years, and who himself ordered this inscription. Whoever removes this stone or causes it to be removed, may he die the last of all his frinds."

The armorial bearings of Queen Mary's House are on the front above an arched doorway. The arms are those of Wigmore impaling Scott, as wife's arms. There is no mention of a daughter of the Buccleuch family having



From Photo, by

R. Jack, Edinburgh.

ARMS OF THOMAS CRANSTON, ABBOT.

married a Wigmore. She may have been of a younger branch, but not of the Thirlstane or Howpaisy line, who had a difference. As for Wigmore, Mr Burnet made investigation, and found that a considerable burgess family of that name flourished in Edinburgh in the 14th century, and also a Sir Roger Wigmore, but found no record of an alliance with Scott or connection with Roxburghshire. The arms of Wigmore are argent on a bend sable a ribbon dancitty of the field; motto, "Avis La fin." The Scott arms or on a bend azure, a mullet between two crescents of the field; motto, "Solum deo confido."

Near the foot of the Canongate, on Mr Murray's house, are the arms of William Ainslie of Blackhill, and of his wife Cicely, daughter of Sir John Scott, first baronet of Ancrum.

On the front of Blackhills House, in Castlegate, is the appearance of armorial bearings. Having examined it I found two rather peculiar sun-dials, with an inscription on an iron scroll, "FUERAT CUNCTA NOVANTHUS."

There are other inscriptions and arms in the Abbey worthy of notice. In the centre of a Norman arch, partly built up, in the east side of the north transept, is the inscription—

"I. H. S.
MARIA
JOH HAL."

His name is also on the south-east pier and other places in the Abbey. John Hall was appointed abbot in 1478. On the south-west pier are the arms of Cranston, on which are the three cranes, with two pastoral staves and "T.C." His name, "Abbas Thomas Cranston," is near the spring of the high arch opposite. His initials are also on the north-west pier and on the arch above. Cranston succeeded Hall as abbot in 1484. Close to the balustrade on the north-west corner, and also on the same side under the central window, are the arms of Robert Blackadder, Bishop of Glasgow, afterwards Archbishop. On the shield is the chevron bearing three roses; above is the cross—on one side is the letter R, on the other the letter B. In memorial of their services at

Bosworth, King James granted the family permission to carry on the shield the roses of York and Lancaster. Robert was the son of Sir Patrick Blackadder of Tuliellan. Robert had so much favour at Rome that he obtained from the Pope the creation of the See of Glasgow into an Archbishopric. Archbishop Blackadder died in 1508.

In Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials" is given in full a special respite, granted by James the Fourth, on 28th August, 1504, in favour of the "men, kin, tenentis, factouris, and servandis of Robert, Archbishop of Glasgow," then about to proceed to Rome on King's business, and "especially for the slauchter of umquhile Thomas Ruthirfurde within the Abbaye of Jedworthe."

Above the large window of the north transept have been arms, but they are now very much obliterated. The only thing we can trace out is the appearance of a bishop's mitre. On a buttress which supports the south side of the choir chapel is a shield bearing a bull's head, said to be the arms of Bishop Turnbull, who was Bishop of Glasgow. Jedburgh being within the See of Glasgow accounts for the arms of Turnbull and Blackadder being on the Abbey. In the choir are the arms of Riddell. On the shield is the chevron between three ears of rye: on the one side is the letter J, on the other R, with the inscription—"Here lyes a Religeous and verteious gentl woman, Jean Riddel, daughter to Sir Andrew Riddell of that ilk, who died in the Lord the year of God 1660, and of her age 60—

" 'She lived a holy life,
To Christ resigned her breath;
Her soul is now with God,
Triumphing over death.' "

Close by is another old inscription—"Here lyes William Rutherford of the Hall, who departed this life, January 18, 1678." Above the door of the north transept are the arms of Lord Jedburgh, date 1681. In the north transept is a monogram, "MK. 1658:" these letters stand for Mark Kerr. Above the monogram is the coronet. There are other monu-

ments and inscriptions in the transept. Most of these I have referred to already in my paper; while there are others in the Abbey also of interest, but being comparatively new it is not necessary for me to mention them further, as my object is more for the purpose of preserving the old than describing the new; and the safest and best way to preserve crumbling armorial bearings and inscriptions is to enshrine them in the records of the Club. I should have wished to have referred to the seals of Jedburgh, but as Mr Mounsey contributed a very able paper on that subject at the Club's last meeting in Jedburgh, it is unnecessary for me to say a single word; but having received a copy of Laing's Seals of Jedburgh, as they exist in the British Museum, I have added them to my paper, as they will be more accessible in the records of the Club for any of the members than if they had to apply to the British Museum.

LAING'S SEALS OF JEDBURGH IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

XLVII. 825. Burgh of Jedburgh. [? 16th century.]

Round Seal, bearing in a niche with crocketed canopy a representation of the B. Virgin Mary and Infant Saviour. At the sides two scrolls of foliage and two labels inscribed MARIA. IESVS.

Legend—SIGILLVM · COMMVNE · BVROI · DE · IEDBVROH.

XLVII. 827. Community of Jedburgh. [? 17th century.]

Round Seal, bearing on a shield a horse passant.

Legend—S COMMVNITATIS · DE · IEDBVROH.

XLVII. 826. Burgh of Jedburgh. [? 18th century.]

Round Seal, bearing an ornamental shield of arms—A knight armed *cap-a-pie*, on a horse saliant.

Legend on a scroll above—STRENVE ET PROSPERE.

Legend below—SIGILLVM · BVROI · DE · IEDBVROH.

XLVII. 586. Hugh, Abbot of Jedburgh. Circa, A.D. 1220.

P.O. Seal, bearing a figure of the Abbot, in cowl, holding his staff, seated on a carved chair in profile to the right, reading at a book upon a carved lectern. Legend—[S]IGILL HVGO[N][IS] ABB[ATIS D]E GEDOEW...

XLVII. 587. John Morel, Abbot of Jedburgh. [A.D. 1292.]
Oval Seal, bearing within a cusped Gothic quatrefoil a horse passant, contourné, in the field above, a small hand.
Legend—XS' FRATRIS · IOHANNIS MOREL.

XLVII. 588. John, Abbot of Jedburgh. A.D. 1532.
(Official Seal of the Abbot.)

P.O. Seal, bearing in a canopied niche the unusual subject of the "Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt." In base within a niche, an abbot kneeling in profile to the right, with his staff.

Legend—*S'OFFICH ABBATIS MON̄ DE IEDWORT.

XLVII. 584, 585. Chapter of the Austin Canons of Jedburgh. A.D. 1534.

Round Seal, bearing on the obverse in a carved Gothic niche, with trefoiled canopy, the coronation of the B. Virgin Mary. At the sides two trees, in the exergue a leaf or fruit between two wyverns.

Legend—SIGILLV.....PITVLT · DE · IEDDEWORTHE.

On the reverse is a quadruple niche, the salutation of the B.V. Mary between four saints or angels: the canopy adorned with pinnacles and crockets. In the field two wavy trees, in the exergue three trefoiled openings.

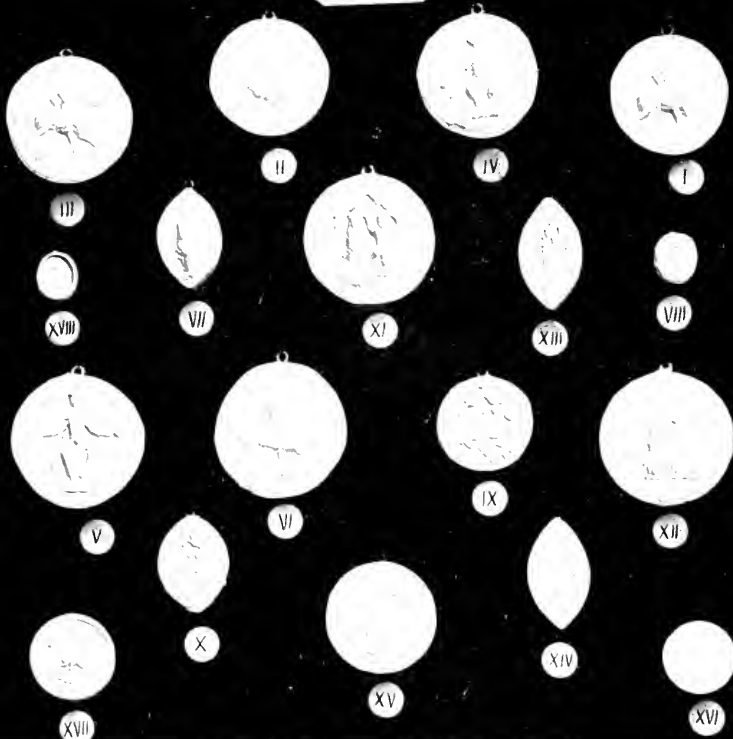
Legend—÷ MATER · EA . . . VIA : SERVIS : S|. .
. . . . M]ARIA.

XLVII. 589. Andrew Home, Commendator of Jedburgh, A.D. 1561.

P.O. Seal, bearing in a canopied niche a full length figure of the B. Virgin Mary and Child. In base upon a staff, an ornamental shield of arms:—Quarterly, 1. 4. a lion, rampart, *Home*, 2. 3. three popinjays, *Pepdie*, of *Dunglas*, over all on an escutcheon an *Orle*, *Landels*. Legend—S' ANDREE COMEDATARI MONASTERII DE IEDBURGH.

[Since the foregoing article was written, I am pleased to say that, with the assistance of my esteemed friend, the late Mr Thomas Smail, and other natives of Jedburgh, I have been able to get the interesting and

Seals.



I	Seal of the 1st of 1831	XV	Seal of the 1st of 1831	X	Seal of the 1st of 1831
II	Seal of the 1st of 1831	XVI	Seal of the 1st of 1831	XI	Seal of the 1st of 1831
III	Seal of the 1st of 1831	XVII	Seal of the 1st of 1831	XII	Seal of the 1st of 1831
IV	Seal of the 1st of 1831			XIII	Seal of the 1st of 1831
V	Seal of the 1st of 1831			XIV	Seal of the 1st of 1831
				XV	Seal of the 1st of 1831
				XVI	Seal of the 1st of 1831
				XVII	Seal of the 1st of 1831

historical inscriptions in the Abbey Churchyard re-cut, and restored in such a manner as will keep them preserved for many years to come. A chaste granite tombstone, in place of the old one, has been erected over the grave of Burns' heroine (Mrs Henderson), thus perpetuating her memory.

I have pleasure, also, in stating that the Armorial Bearings at Fernieherst Castle have been renewed. These were so much obliterated as to be scarcely decipherable, and in 1898 the late Marquis of Lothian gave me instructions to get them reproduced according to the originals. The work was exceedingly well done by local tradesmen, assisted with drawings by his Lordship. He supplied at the same time the design for his own Armorial Bearings—the arms being a chevron charged with three mullets of the field. On the top of the shield is a coronet; on the dexter side is “S.H.” (Schomberg Henry) in monogram; on the sinister side is “L.” (Lothian); while below is the date “1898.” It occupies a place on the tower of the Castle, above the arms of Sir Andrew Ker and Dame Ann Stewart. The old Armorial Bearings, which were taken down to make room for the new, are preserved inside the Castle.]

THE SWINGLING O' THE LINT.

Many readers of Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night," when they come to the words "a towmond auld sin' lint was i' the bell" have but a hazy idea of their full meaning, but some of the old folks still with us can recall the beauty of a flax field when the plant was in full bloom. The bright green of the stalks stood out in pleasing contrast to the brilliant blue of the flowers, the whole forming a part of the landscape which no fields we have at the present day can equal for colour effect.

About sixty or seventy years ago it was the custom of the peasantry of the Borders to grow their own lint, every householder having a few rigs. After the flowers had faded and the seeds ripened, the plants were pulled up by the roots and the seeds removed by an instrument called the ripple, which was shaped something like a "curry" comb used for cleaning horses. It was about seven inches wide, with teeth four or five inches long. The seeds having been gathered, dried, and sold, the shaws were bound up in bundles and put into a pool of water, stones being placed on the top to keep them down. After steeping here for over a week until the outside of the stalks became soft or rotten, they were removed from the water and spread out on the green haughs or meadows, the smell which arose from them not being of a particularly pleasant character. After being thus dried in the open air the flax was broken by an implement like a hand turnip-cutter. After this the swingling followed. The swingling post was an upright piece of board fixed firmly in the floor of the barn or other covered place, and the lint was held over it with the left hand while it was struck with a piece of wood shaped something like a cricket bat held in the right hand. The woody portion of the shaws by this means was removed from the fibre which constitutes the real lint. The latter was then given to the heckler, who had a box with wire teeth through which he drew the lint, this process



From Photo, by

THE SPINNING WHEEL

R. Jack, Jedburgh.

dividing the fine from the coarser parts. The fine lint was afterwards spun upon a small two-handed wheel, the coarse lint or tow being spun on a wheel worked with one hand. The thread having been made into hanks was then woven into shirting, sheets, &c., the coarse lint being made into aprons, towels, and such like.

Although the growing of lint in the Borders is a thing of the past, we sometimes find preserved as relics the handsome small spinning wheels, some of them richly ornamented. These wheels were often given to the bride as a wedding gift, and formed a conspicuous part of her providing, being placed on the top of the furniture on the cart and bedecked with ribbons of varied colour. There are still preserved and highly prized by some old women the linen sheets spun by them or their mothers, and which were woven by the customer weaver, who could be found all over the Borders.

What a graphic description we get of "The Swingling o' the Lint" by Andrew Scott, 1821.

When winter days were dounf and dark,
And roads were deep and dirty,
When workin' lint-fouk gae to wark,
And females meet sae hearty.
'Twas in a village idle barn
A squad did ance convene,
To switch the lint was their concern,
And till't they fell, I ween,
Fu' soon that day.
When a' the rout gat hirs'd right,
The noise grew loud and louder;
Some till't did fa' wi' awfu' plight,
That o' their pith were prouder.
Their tongues and hands made sic a clang,
Some did their neighbours brand ill;
And characters gat mony a whang,
For tongues were tipp'd wi' scandal,
'Mang them that day.

It was usual for the swinglers to have in the forenoon a "knockit" of cheese, bread, and whisky; while at "fower-oors" (tea-time) they had a dram. In the evening they indulged in singing and other hilarious proceedings—all so well described by Andrew Scott in the poem referred to—while they had, of course, another dram at parting.



POETRY and PROSE.

Press Opinions.

"Will be welcome to those who dwell by and take delight in the banks of Jed. While his lines do not rise to the higher poetry, they have smoothness and sweetness and happy and graphic touches not a few."
—*The Scotsman*.

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"Bear ample evidence of the love which the author has for the beauties of the far-famed valley of the Jed, and the keen appreciation he has of the no inconsiderable part that the Jethart folk have borne in Border song and story."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

"A volume which we believe will be welcomed and valued for the sake of the author, for the local scenery and history it describes, and for the poetic spirit and ardent attachment to the Borderland by which its contents are characterised."—*Jedburgh Gazette*.

"The public, we feel sure, will be glad to receive his neat little volume, which is a welcome addition to Border literature."—*Teviotdale Record*.

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"There is genuine merit in Mr Laidlaw's lays, and we doubt not the book will be warmly welcomed by Borderers."—*Hawick News*.

"We very warmly commend the little book to the favourable notice of Mr Laidlaw's many friends, for taking it all in all it is a volume of which its author has a right to feel proud."—*Hawick Express*.

"The poems are almost entirely local, and show the intense love and enthusiasm the author has for the Borderland, but more particularly for Jedburgh and the 'Sylvan Jed.'"—*Hawick Free Press*.

"His poetry has the true feeling for nature, and he sings most sweetly of his own romantic town of Jedburgh and its beautiful surroundings."—*Hawick Advertiser*.

"Mr Laidlaw, who is the custodian of the ruins of Jedburgh Abbey, is a worthy descendant of those who have made the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. . . . His lines breathe the Jed Water spirit. Mr Laidlaw is also an antiquary of some note, and his prose writings upon the antiquities of his own countryside form an interesting section of his little volume."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

"The style of the poems is quite superior to that of the common run of the local poetry generally issued by writers in the Borderland."—*Scottish Border Record*.

"The verses show that Mr Laidlaw has no small share of poetic meditation, and that he has a good idea of what constitutes true poetry."—*Border Advertiser*.

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"On every line of his poetry is stamped the character of the author. Open, vigorous, and patriotic in every stanza, it breathes that love of home and the Borderland which makes the true patriot."—*Dundee Weekly News*.

"Mr Laidlaw has been richly endowed with 'poetic meditation,' and throughout his verses there runs a manly strain of contentment, a grateful recognition that so great a source of happiness as natural beauty is free alike to all."—*People's Journal*.

"Enthusiasm for the Borderland breathes through the volume from beginning to end, and the Jedburgh native can lay his hand on it and say without fear of contradiction, 'Jethart's Here.'"—*Border Magazine*.

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